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No. 374

BEYOND THE GATES.

BY EBEN E. BEKFOR.

If hearts grown faint and weary
Could know what rest awaits
For all earth's burden-bearers
Beyond the shining gates,
With sudden, wondrous rapture
Each soul would thrill to-day,
And taking up its burden
Go bravely on its way.

If eyes grown dim with weeping
O'er earthly pain and loss
Could see the crowns awaiting
The bearers of the cross,
The heart would leap in gladness
And weary men grow strong,
Forgetful of the burdens
Which they have borne so long.

If ears grown deaf with discord
Of strife and wrong and sin
Could hear one song of Heaven
Above the weary din,
I think no soul would falter
In all life's toilsome ways,
For the grand sweet song would strengthen
Each heart, in weariest days.

Oh, think, my weary brother,
Of rest beyond the gates!
For all earth's burden-bearers
The peace of Heaven waits.
Be brave and true, my brother:
When weariest seems the way,
Thoughts of God's sweet To-morrow
Will brighten each To-day.

Sowing the Wind;

OR,

THE PRICE SHE PAID.

BY MRS. MARY REED CROWELL,
AUTHOR OF "VIALS OF WRATH," "WAS SHE
HIS WIFE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

THE FIRST MISTAKE.

ROSE ST. FELIX slept well that first night of her stay at Westwood—slept as a child might have done, calmly, deeply, peacefully, and troubled by no haunting dreams of the dead girl whose birthright she had stolen, so rigid, so ghastly, on the cottage bed. Instead, her visions were fair and lovely, full of happiness, and Florian Itamar, for the sudden, sharp impression she had received in that moment in the drawing-room, was present in her dreams.

Opposite, on the same corridor, was Mr. Itamar's suite of rooms, through whose length he walked the floor for hours after Rose was dreaming of him, and Jocelyne buried in girlish slumber; walked the length of the elegant rooms, battling with himself that most dread of all battles—the subjugation of true, deserving, honest passion.

It seemed to him he had never before seen so plainly Jocelyne's appreciation of Kenneth Richmond, or his love for her, as he had seen it that night. He had suffered often enough, God alone knew, in throbbing this love of his for Jocelyne, but, somehow, to-night the desolate anguish was less than ever.

His little precious love—never to be my love, and in the very face of the madness and folly of it, I love her with all my soul!

He compressed his lips, that were almost pale with the emotions of his proud, brave, sore-tortured heart, and went on in his restless promenade.

"My dear little girl! To think you will never know how I love you—to think you will never know that in you is centered all the passionate affection of young loverhood, the strong, deathless devotion and worship of mature manhood. To think you will marry Kenneth Richmond!"

It seemed as if his very thoughts grew choked with emotion. He bowed his head against the low marble mantel, and stood there several minutes, his strong frame trembling like a woman's. And all for love of Jocelyne, whose last waking thought was of Kenneth Richmond, whose first waking thought would be of him!

Slowly the night hours tolled themselves away, and Mr. Itamar passed them in unflinching self-examination, aroused by the strength of a passion that had never been so relentless in its demands as to-night; passed the night in stern battling to conquer it into passive subjection at least, and when the hour came, long after the dawn of another perfect October day, when he met Jocelyne in the breakfast-room, it was with the manner and face of a man who had come out of some wearying, glorious struggle.

He bade her good-morning quietly, while his eyes lighted at sight of her, in her fresh loveliness, that was enhanced by the becoming morning-dress she wore of white alpaca trimmed with cardinal ribbons.

He was pale and grave, and yet there was a tender, unselfish smile in his eyes and on his face as she sprang to meet him.

"Guardy dear, good-morning! Isn't it lovely?"



"Why, Iva! How interesting the Herald must be that you are still in your morning dress."

swer me a question. How do you like Mr. Richmond?"

"His blossom-like face averted itself suddenly. 'I—I don't know—I like him. He is very handsome and educated, and distinguished, Guardy.'"

"Yes," he answered, slowly, "he is handsome, and educated and distinguished; but is that all that makes a man?"

Jocelyne opened her brown eyes wide.

"Why, of course he is a gentleman of principle, and religious sentiment, and nobility of character, isn't he?"

Mr. Itamar smiled faintly at her quick defense of him.

"We will hope so, Jocelyne—for—for—you surely know how—he regards you. Has he spoken to you, child?"

The brown head dropped again in lovely confusion.

"Oh, Guardy, he should not speak to me!"

And Mr. Itamar turned away just as Rose came into the room, in her lovely morning dress of white, with a scarlet zephyr shawl over her queenly shoulders.

Breakfast over, Mr. Itamar proposed a ride to the ladies, which was warmly agreed to, and the horses were ordered for ten o'clock.

Jocelyne went to the music-room for a brief practice before she changed her dress, and Rose took the papers and retired to a sunny corner of the morning-room, while Mr. Itamar gave audience to some of his head men in the library.

As Rose sat there in the warm sunlight, with the appurtenances of luxury and wealth all about her, and herself established there as thoroughly as even Jocelyne Merle herself, it seemed as if there never could come danger or anguish else but absolute safety, and a delightful sense of freedom and content took possession of her that was pleasant in the extreme.

A sense that deepened and widened to rapturous ecstasy as she casually caught sight of a brief paragraph that announced the sudden departure to China of Mr. Ernest St. Felix, who had so recently sustained the loss of his wife in the railway accident so fresh in the memory of the public; a loss made doubly severe in consideration of the fact that he was on his own way home after a protracted absence from her.

Great thrills of almost wild relief surged over her. Ernest St. Felix, her husband, the one man in the world she feared and dreaded, had accepted the fact of his wife's death; had, in all probability, made the necessary investigation, and viewed the grave of the poor dead Iva Itamar, and then, free as the air, had left the country, almost the world, it seemed to Rose—leaving her equally free in the furtherance of her plans.

Her husband! That was what he was; that was he from whom she had been fleeing when her destiny came to her; that was he whose name and presence were a fear, a horror, a terror to her, and had been, almost since the day, years and years ago, when she, a mere child, had been frightened and forced into marrying him by her parents, to whom his wealth was such a desideratum.

Even with the knowledge of her temporary release from any possible finding from him, fresh and pleasant in her mind, Rose fairly shivered as memories arose, of scenes and language, and tears and oaths, and prayers and mocking laughter, and insolence and desperation that marred her life and his; years when she thought no more pitiable woman lived than she, whom people envied because of her beauty and her wit, and her handsome, gallant husband.

She had endured and rebelled; she had threatened and yielded; she had promised, and broken her promises to herself—and then, she had run away—to this delightful home at Westwood where even her name and identity were merged into another's.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE AUTUMN DAYS WENT DELIGHTFULLY ON TO THE household at Westwood, every one of them tend-

The hour passed so quickly that she was a little startled when Jocelyne came in, dressed in her carriage costume of navy-blue silk and velvet.

"Why, Iva! How interesting the Herald must be that you are still in your morning dress. You will have to hurry, dear, for the horses are at the door already, and I saw Guardy putting on his overcoat, as I came through the hall."

Rose sprang up, smiling.

"I am perfectly ashamed of myself to keep you waiting! Never mind; I'll show you how quickly a woman can dress, Jocelyne!"

In fifteen minutes she was at the door, ready; a picture in her black velvet costume and jaunty hat with a scarlet cock's wing brightening the otherwise somber elegance of her attire.

"Now, whither shall we go? Have you a choice, Jocelyne? Of course Iva had none—or at least I presume she hardly remembers any of the beauties of Westwood."

Rose smiled.

"Hardly, cousin Florian—and yet"—glancing out at a partially decayed, vine-covered, picturesque tree-trunk that stood guard by the bronze gate that led to the park, and suddenly thinking it would be such a good thing to further strengthen her position by pretending to remember this landmark that certainly must have been there for years and years—"and yet, cousin Florian, my memory is not so bad after all. I distinctly remember that dear old tree where I sat every day with my drawing-book the summer I spent at Westwood. I have often thought of it, and—"

She had spoken in her lightest, gayest tones, confidently, eagerly, until she suddenly became conscious of a look of supreme astonishment from both her companions—a look of blank bewilderment that instantly told her that she had perpetrated a horrible mistake.

A cold tremor seized her, that was desperation personified, that did not lessen when Mr. Itamar answered, gravely:

"I cannot imagine why you make such a mistake, Iva. That tree-trunk was only placed there this past summer. Jocelyne fancied it for its stately picturesqueness, and I ordered it placed there for her satisfaction."

A perfect hurricane of answers to Mr. Itamar's grave explanations occurred to Rose, but her tongue seemed paralyzed and a feeling of horrible powerlessness seized her in a strong, relentless grip. She met his steady, astonished gaze; she looked at Jocelyne's wondering face in a hunted, pitiful way, and then—she burst into a passion of tears, and sobbed with an energy that really alarmed them.

"Don't speak to me—don't pity me—don't!" she said, between her sobs. "It is a dreadful shock—I never believed the South American doctor when he said my memory had suffered with my voice from the shock of poor papa's death! But I know it now—oh! I know it now! I've seen a tree like that somewhere, and I thought it was here!"

Her own woe, her own pity of herself, her broken confession, the naturalness of the explanation would have deceived one who was on his guard, more than they who had received her so unobtrusively, and who now accepted her statement with sympathy and kindness, commiserating with her for the deep affliction she had been called to suffer, and renewing their cordial determination to make her poor, lonely life happier than ever.

And Rose vowed to be still more vigilant, still more eternally on guard; and she dried her tears, and looked pale and interested as they drove along—and determined and defiant.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE AUTUMN DAYS WENT DELIGHTFULLY ON TO the household at Westwood, every one of them tend-

ing to trench Rose St. Felix still more impressively in the stronghold she had taken by stratagem, each day increasing her jubilant satisfaction, and her determination to play well her part.

And with the lovely, solemn October days the same old woe deepened and spread, in silence and unsuspected presence, in Florian Itamar's brave heart, and he watched with pangs beside which physical torture would have been absolute relief, the growth of intimacy between Kenneth Richmond and Jocelyne—of increasing attention on Richmond's part, and shy sweet, blushing consciousness on hers.

Mr. Richmond had not yet openly pressed his suit with Jocelyne, but with the experienced eye of a thorough man of the world, he understood perfectly that everything was progressing desirably, while he smiled under his mustache when Jocelyne's eyes would drop at his ardent glances, and her face flush at an ardent word, and she avoided, as if distasteful to her, his occasional caresses.

He had fully made up his mind to marry her. He had made it up deliberately, and now, when with her sweet self, there was combined such solid attraction as her innumerable wealth, and the positive influence of her social connections, Mr. Richmond was only delaying the act that should virtually add Jocelyne and her attributes to himself, in order to enjoy it in anticipation.

Of Mr. Kenneth Richmond really very little was actually known.

That he was a gentleman by birth and breeding might have been established as an undeniable fact in the minds of nearly all who knew him, if his manners and presence and reputation were taken into consideration, and he took exceeding good care that such should be the case. Of his hidden life, the life lived away from the society of the people with whom he stood so well, no one who knew Kenneth Richmond had the smallest idea. That his income that paid for the unapproachably stylish mode of his living was the result of his uniform good luck at the gambling-table, or that there were pages in his life that no good, pure woman could ever know, so dark and vile were they, that in short, he was only an elegant adventurer, a lucky swindler, a polished rascal, were secrets as yet buried in his own heart, and the hearts of a few chosen friends, who did not openly claim him or he them, as such.

And this was the man to whom Jocelyne Merle was giving her first avowed attention and interest; this the man for whom Florian Itamar was ruthlessly sacrificing his happiness, in the high sense of honor he had that made him shrink from infringing on what so plainly seemed Mr. Richmond's rights; this the man who was sitting in the flower-lined bay-window one sunny October morning, watching Jocelyne across the vivid green leaves, and daintily give a curve to some rebellious vinelet.

She was looking most enchantingly sweet that morning, with her young face glowing with health and happiness, and Kenneth Richmond's evil heart thrilled as he leaned his handsome head nearer her.

"Let the flowers alone, Jocelyne, and bestow your attention on me. Sit down, and let me talk to you; I want to tell you something."

She laughed, and flushed all over her delicate, spirited face.

"I hope you are not jealous of my pets, Mr. Richmond? Because—"

He took one of her hands that trembled in his sudden, strong grasp, and the sense of triumph it gave him was intoxicatingly exultant.

"But, I am jealous, Jocelyne, of everything and every one on whom you bestow your loving attention. Because I want it all, myself. I want you, Jocelyne, and your love! Jocelyne, you know I love you!"

She drooped her face away—great thrills of strange, vague emotion at her heart at these,

the first love words her ears had ever heard, at this, her first experience in the presence of a human passion.

He went on, in a low, eager tone, nothing disheartened by her sweet silence, but the rather fired by her half-yielding blushes, her half-girlish indifference.

"My darling! You will let me call you my darling! You will let me call you my very own! Jocelyne! love! you will be my wife! Say yes—will you, will you, Jocelyne?"

And he felt her hand tremble in his own, and he saw the pale solemnity of her face that drove away the delicious flushes, and he met the beautiful, serious eyes she raised, coyly, to his.

"Jocelyne! My little darling, you do love me!"

He suddenly released her hand and took her in his arms, kissing her quivering lips, and refusing to let her shrink away, as she tried.

"No, my sweet! Your eyes have confessed; you have given me the precious privilege of a lover—now say the word—only one little word—do you love me, dearest?"

And all unconscious of the darkness that began to gather over her bright young life from that fated moment, all ignorant of the gloom and woe of the future assailing the feet that would tire almost unto death ere the end should come; with no subtle consciousness to warn her of the awful mistake she was making, Jocelyne lifted her pure, sweet eyes, and murmured:

"Yes."

It was a moment of supreme happiness to the girl, and exalted triumph to Kenneth Richmond, for he realized his life was henceforward roses and sunshine.

"My little love, it will take all the devotion of a lifetime to repay you for saying that! It will not be my fault if you ever regret it, Jocelyne!"

It was very sweet to her to hear his passionate, eager words, to see his love-fraught eyes, to have his ardent caresses—passing sweet, yet, even in the midst of her happiness there came to her the thought—What would Mr. Itamar say and think and feel? So vivid was this thought that it was imprinted on her face, and Kenneth's quick eye detected it there, and he looked questioning at her one moment.

"I—I hope Guardy—Mr. Itamar will be pleased," she murmured, hardly conscious of what she said.

Kenneth smiled—smiled curiously under his mustache—a way he had of doing that no one noticed. Jocelyne's innocent expectation of Mr. Itamar's being pleased with her engagement struck him as amusing, for he had suspected her guardian's regard for her more than once, although only very vaguely, since Mr. Itamar guarded it well.

"I hope he may be not only pleased, and give you to me joyfully, but, my darling, give you to me soon, very soon. I wish you might be my wife at once!"

Jocelyne drew back with a little exclamation.

"Oh, no! Please don't talk of the marriage yet. Not this fall or winter, Kenneth indeed not."

She was confused, and rosy as the carnations in the window.

"That is nonsense, little girl. I shall very soon talk you out of that. Indeed I am of the impression that your guardian will join forces himself with me in persuading you—"

His low rapid words were suddenly cut short by the entrance of Mr. Itamar himself, whose grave thought-worn face paled, and whose eyes took in a sharply-pained look, as one glance revealed the truth that, momentarily anticipated though it was, smote him like a blow.

He bowed deeply, and almost as Jocelyne had no suspicion of the anguish in his heart, as Mr. Richmond spoke, eagerly, quickly.

"Mr. Itamar, I am proud and happy to tell you that your ward has consented to become my wife. It is certainly needless for me to tell you how truly I love Jocelyne, and how happy and honored she has made me."

Mr. Itamar listened courteously, with a vague wonder if it was really true, or that it was his own selfishness or a mistaken supposition, that there was something distrustful in the way Mr. Richmond broke that sacred news—something that had not the ring of the true metal—something so different from his estimate of the proud, exultant, adoring lover.

Then he remembered that Mr. Richmond was not a young man, in the strict sense of the word, and that he was a man of the world; and then, with a great sickening sense of desolation, he also remembered that he wanted Jocelyne, fair, sweet, girlish Jocelyne!

Mr. Itamar bowed when Mr. Richmond had finished his ready little speech, and looked at Jocelyne's slightly averted, drooping head, a faint smile, but brave and self-sacrificing, on his grand face.

"And what does my little girl say? Do you love him, Jocelyne?"

And the infinite tenderness in the tones touched a chord somewhere in the girl's nature that all Kenneth Richmond's passionate utterances had failed to make respond, and a sudden yearning went over her—vague, yet conscious yearning wish, that her lover was more like her guardian, her noble, splendid guardian.

Then, she stole a look at him, and by the soft glow in her eyes he was answered.

"You love him, Jocelyne. May God bless you in your choice! Mr. Richmond, while I cannot conscientiously say I give my little girl to you gladly, yet, I give her to you, trusting she may never miss the love, the protection and the fond, cherishing care I have always given, and should have given while she was at Westwood. Take her, the light, the joy of my house, and I pray God requite you as you deal with her!"

His loving, solemn words went straight to Jocelyne's heart, and she looked at him, with her lovely eyes full of tears.

"Guardy, I will always love you just the same, if you will let me."

If he would let her! He bent his face and touched her forehead with his lips—the first time he had kissed her since he had been conscious of the existence of his passion for her. The first time—and the last he thought, with constriction of his heart that almost suffocated

him, making his face and eyes, with their over-
weight of woe, tell the whole story to the exult-
ing accepted lover who had suspected it before.

And Jocelyne never knew. She never dream-
ed of the passion she had inspired in this grand,
noble heart, that true as steel to its pure sense
of honor, had never offered its love, choosing to
suffer in silent self-abnegation rather than enter
the lists with a rival suitor.

She never knew their cause, and yet she no-
ticed with a vague curiosity the lines of patient
self-restraint on his face, and the weary, hope-
less woe in his eyes.

But Kenneth Richmond saw, and knew, and
recognized the glorious selfishness and brave
courage of the man who did not forget his duty
or his gracious courtesy because he suffered.

And he listened, with a secret smile, to the
lights that burned like silver moons inside their
globes, illuminated the snowy statuettes and
green-gold bronzes, and brought into distinct
relief the gold cornices on the tinted walls.

CHAPTER IX.

THE WILLING WIDOWER.

The library at Sunset Hill was a small, cozy
room, that looked particularly comfortable
when the green silk curtains were drawn across
the French windows, and the soft glow of the
lights that burned like silver moons inside their
globes, illuminated the snowy statuettes and
green-gold bronzes, and brought into distinct
relief the gold cornices on the tinted walls.

Kenneth Richmond was sitting in his library
the evening of the day he had been accepted by
Mr. Ithamar for Jocelyne, a cigar between his
lips, his feet resting on an embroidered foot-rest
that some admiring lady had made him, his
curly head lying lazily against the dark emerald
leather-cushioned chair he had drawn to one
side of the low, cheerful fire that burned behind
its silver bars.

Opposite him, in another large easy-chair,
also enjoying a cigar, was a gentleman of at-
tractive personal appearance—of tall, well-knit
figure, graceful in bearing, and having about
him an air of strength and confidence that would
have instantly impressed one—not the strength of
physical power, although that was apparent,
but the positive, willful, determined resolution
written on every feature of his face, from the
quiet, steady gaze of his handsome blue eyes, to
the compressed lips—large, well-defined, but
almost cruel in their strengthfulness.

He was unquestionably a handsome man, as
was Kenneth Richmond, and yet there was that
about him, as about Kenneth Richmond, that
impressed one with a vague, almost nameless
sense of distrustfulness, that impressed a close,
thoughtful observer with the idea that he was a
man whose will, whatever that will was,
was his law, and that his will was not always
conscience and honor would approve.

That the two were friends was self-evident,
and they were old, tried friends who had stood
by each other in more than one disagreeable af-
fair, and who knew each other and each other's
ways to perfection.

Mr. Richmond sat lazily puffing out the rings
of cigar-smoke, neither of them speaking until
evidently his guest broke the brief silence with
a low, musical laugh.

"It almost passes my comprehension when I
try to realize that you are actually engaged to be
married. How did it come about, Ken-
neth?"

Richmond smiled good-humoredly.

"Come to think of it, Sainty, it is odd, isn't
it? Although it strikes me you are hardly the
fellow to chaff me for thrusting my head under
the yoke, seeing how you have worn one your-
self until very lately."

Ernest St. Felix crossed his legs more com-
fortably.

"The yoke did not gall me very much, you
know, Kenneth, for all Rose was such an up-
roarious little cat. I presume I have only to re-
call my own imbecility in permitting a tem-
porary fascination for a pretty girl to lead me
into marriage, to fully comprehend your reason-
s."

Richmond answered, slowly: just a little
warmly.

"You may call your temporary fascination
for the girl whom you made your wife an im-
becility, if you will, Sainty, but I shall not call
my engagement with Miss Merle anything but
the most glorious streak of luck that ever hap-
pened me. Our cases are vastly different, re-
member, Sainty. You were independently
wealthy and married a poor, obscure girl for her
beauty. I am a miserable fellow living by my
wits—a precarious profession, Sainty, for all
I've been flush for a year or two—and Miss
Merle has a fortune in her own right, and is
allied to the best families of the time. It will be
the making of me, Sainty. And besides, she is
beautiful and graceful and charming enough to
have turned my heart as well as my head. Such
eyes, Sainty—such a foot!"

St. Felix smiled through the fragrant blue
haze.

"And your reputation as connoisseur is es-
tablished, you know, in those directions! Yes,
I really think you are to be credited for your
good sense in securing so much that is desirable,
at one grasp. Let me give you one word of ad-
vice, however; only a word, Kenneth. Never
let go a tight hold on the reins matrimonial.
Keep her well in, and govern her thoroughly.
If a woman once gets the upper hand—"

He smiled significantly.

Kenneth took up the thread just where St.
Felix dropped it.

"Or attempts to get it, Sainty, as Mrs. St. F.
did!"

A swift, lurid light leaped into the blue beauty
of St. Felix's eyes, and the handsome, cruel
mouth compressed itself.

"As she attempted for years, in vain, Ken-
neth, and met with her just deserts at the last,
when she ran away from her home, and was
killed in the very act of conjugal disobedience."

There was a long, tense silence, and a look of
regret on his face, nor a tinge of emotion in his
low, sweet voice.

"And now you are free again, Sainty—not
that your wife's existence made any very great
difference to you, but if you should care to mar-
ry again—"

St. Felix laughed—almost boyishly in his un-
feigned amusement.

"Thanks very much—no, Kenneth! And
even if I were inclined matrimonially do you
think I should be very successful in my wooing
were the fair lady to know that I was travel-
ing under an assumed name (as I shall do) and
that the reason is, I had given the public at
large to understand that I was off for a foreign
tour, when, really, I was in hiding for certain
reasons?"

"Because I was thinking, Sainty," Kenneth
went on, almost regardless of what St. Felix
had been saying, "that it would be a glorious
thing if you could get into the good graces of
a lady I know, very recently—a Miss Ithamar,
the cousin of Miss Merle, the guardian-
and heiress of Westwood; if her cousin never
marries. She's a beauty, Sainty—one of your
classic style, you know, very pale and haughty,
with midnight eyes and golden hair, and the
manner of a princess of the blood royal."

St. Felix shrugged his shoulders.

"Thanks again, no. The description savors
too strongly of Rose—except the golden hair—
She was fair, with dark hair and eyes, and
when her blood was up—well, I believe she
would have killed me more than once. I re-
member especially after the little affair with
the Tessolins—that blue-eyed, sunshiny-haired
—oh, well, there is no use recalling one of a
dozen similar scenes. Enough that I am not
sorry she is dead, and that on her account I dis-
like the ivory-and-ebony style of beauty. By
the way, such faces as hers change wonderfully
for the worse after death, Kenneth. I went up
to the scene of the accident as soon as I learned
the particulars, and had her buried. I never
saw such a strange change in any one; it may
have been owing to the way they had her head
bandaged—her hair entirely hidden; but such a
curious blending of familiar appearance and
different expression to any I had ever seen in
her before."

"You never saw her dead before," Kenneth
answered, flippantly. "All the same, I shall
insist on you calling with me at Westwood,
some time, and meeting my lovely little
brothered, and seeing Miss Ithamar. You'll
enjoy me, depend upon it. Promise me you'll
go over some day, Sainty. If you'll say you'll
go, I know of old your promise is as good as
another man's bond. Will you go?"

St. Felix looked thoughtfully in the embers.
"Yes, I'll go some time, and meet your two
beautiful women. I won't say when, but I'll go
some time—after this little annoyance about the
cancellation of that mortgage has blown over.
Bear in mind one thing, Kenneth, that, until
further notice from me, you refer to me as
Sainty; it is not so unlike my name as to be
awkward to you, and it is calling it and yet suffi-
ciently different to answer the purpose."

A silence ensued, broken only by the falling
of a coal in the grate, and the sound of arising
wind that went surging through the trees out-
side. The two men sat and smoked, and then
Richmond rang for wine, and they lingered
over it a while longer, and then they separated
for the night, St. Felix to be conducted to the
guest-chamber, and Richmond to remain alone
in the library, with the doors locked, his
cabinet of papers drawn down, and the fire and
the light, and his face wearing a pale
wrath and annoyance that had been hidden
during the evening.

He went carefully over several closely-writ-
ten letters, his forehead contracting into deep-
er, blacker frowns with each reading; and then
he selected the shortest of the lot, the one of
latest date, and fairly glared at it.

"Two thousand dollars! He might as well
ask me for two thousand worlds! The impertinent
scoundrel, to dare present his claims so
soon, and to cater to me, not paid by De-
cember tenth—less than two months, and I with
not a thousand dollars in the world, and my
marriage coming off before long!"

He read and re-read the short, curt communi-
cation, as if it fascinated him; then, with an
oath, he put it in his pocket, and then he said:
"I'll consult Sainty. If he is flush, he'll help
me; if not, he'll put me in the way of getting
it. In either case, the marriage shall be hur-
ried up. Jocelyne and her money shall be mine
by December tenth, and then—"

He snapped his thumb and finger, and smiled.
(To be continued—commenced in No. 872.)

CASUS BELLI.

BY THOMAS R. COLLIER.

Kiss and make up? Well, that is good.

Who was the lady, and what was the while,

That went rambling in the wood?

With you, fair cavalier, last night?

And all the while I sat alone

Waiting for my friends, last night?

As the old song says, "And made sad moon

For a gallant lover gone astray."

Stop my teasing? Sir, let me now

With all a woman's firmness, tell

How true and how true I always do

To do my duty brave and well;

And though my heart broke in the act,

To claim my poor love back once more,

And say good-by, it is all over.

And my short dream of bliss is o'er.

Don't be so foolish! You forget?

Ah, yes, I know a pretty girl,

With eyes of blue and hair gold-shot,

And teeth that show like pearls.

Will always make you man forget,

And what indeed was little me,

With chestnut hair and eyes tear-pearl,

To such a queenly one as she?

Forgive me! Well, say that I do,

How soon will you do wrong again?

I've had sore trial, sir, with you;

Your boasting trip with Nellie Vane,

Just after I had begged to go

For one bright, sunny afternoon;

You told me that you could not row;

That took place, as you know, in June.

You went for fun? Oh, yes! Then there

Is that long ride with Maggie Wright,

A very pleasant love affair.

That sacrificed a July night.

A frolic, and a merry one at that.

But how about last evening's walk?

Ah, yes, a happy thought will tell

How it was all a business talk.

That might do had it been a coat,

Instead of a soft dress of white;

And then I know men always do

On business talks so late at night.

You beg my pardon, sir? Well, I

Will think about it, never, and,

If to forgive you I should try,

What would your highness then command?

That I will never jealous be,

Well, sir, I will only promise this:

To love you when you're true to me;

That must suffice. Now take your kiss,

And mind, sir, though the sun is king,

Don't go a-flirting any more;

For in love's world the such small things

That are the cause of bitter war.

The Cretan Rover;

OR,

ZULEIKAH, THE BEAUTIFUL.

A Romance of the Crescent and the Cross.

BY COL. PRENTISS INGRAHAM.

AUTHOR OF "WITHOUT A HEART," "THE FLY-
ING YANKEE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVI.

KAZIL, THE SFAKIOLE.

LIKE the wind the Sfaquiole courer flew along,
over the rough Cretan roads, giving free rein
to his swift, sinewy limbs, and seemingly bent only
on reaching his destination.

Adown hillside, through valleys, around jut-
ting promontories, crowned with the rude
and ancient guard towers of Romans and Turks,
and slowly crumbling to decay—across some swift-
ly-flowing rivulet, and at length up the steep
mountain side he wound his way, neither slow
nor rider seeming to know fatigue.

At length he came suddenly upon several
horsemen, leisurely descending the mountain
side.

Who they were he knew not; but there was
no time to halt, no time to turn, and urging his
horse forward, he drew his scimitar, and in an
instant was in their midst.

There was a clash of steel, a flash or two, the
report of firearms, and the flying horseman
bounced on, leaving the main party surprised
at his boldness, and amazed at his escape.

"By Allah! seize him!" he heard, in the ring-
ing tones of the leader, and as he cut his way
through those who had confronted him, he had
caught sight of the blue, lake-colored uniform
and red fez of the Turk.

A glance behind him, and he beheld that one
of the party lay dead in the road, while the re-
mainder, four in number, were preparing to
give chase.

Away he hurried, with the speed of a deer,
unmindful of the shot fired after him, and the
clatter of hoofs in pursuit.

Although jaded by a long and rapid ride, his
good horse held his own, until after a short chase
the pursuers gave up their daring game.

A league further on the horseman came upon
a deep gorge in the mountains, and here he
caught sight of a warlike scene—half a thou-
sand camp-fires were visible dotting the valley,
and around them lay at rest hundreds of brave
soldiers while the moonlight fell upon the
white canvas walls of tents here and there, the
head-quarters of the officers.

It was the camp of the Cretan army, and
struck with admiration and surprise, the young
courier reined in his steed and contemplated the
scene.

Then he urged his horse forward once more;
but the steed was suddenly halted back with
his haunches, and two dark forms stood at his
bit.

"Who comes?" cried a tall, wild-looking man,
armed with a long gun and scimitar.

"I would see the General Aztec," replied the
horseman, not at all disconcerted by his sudden
halt.

The two men held a conversation for a mo-
ment in a low tone, and one of them, still hold-
ing the rein of his steed, said quietly:

"I will lead you to him."

A ride of a mile further, and the soldier halted
in front of a rude mountain hut, before which
stood a sentinel.

"Dismount; the sentinel will conduct you to his
brilliance."

The Sfaquiole obeyed, and a moment after
was ushered into a small room, where sat sev-
eral officers in the uniform of the struggling pa-
triot of Crete.

"A messenger to see your brilliance," said the
sentinel, and Kazil was left alone with the com-
mander of the Cretan forces in that portion of
the island.

"Signor generalissimo, I bear important
papers to you, from the coast," and Kazil ad-
dressed an officer of splendid physique, and
dark, stern face, who turned his gaze upon him.

"Hail say you so? Then you are welcome, and
the General held forth his hand and received
the sealed envelope addressed to him.

"God be praised, but this is good news! When
did you leave the coast, signor?" and General
Aztec turned his searching glance upon the
youth.

"Three hours since, your highness."

"By heaven, I wager my scimitar it was that
few Turkish officers—one of them was a pasha,
as I saw by his uniform—but I rode through
them and escaped."

"It is nothing, signor; my rapid ride un-
nerved me. Did you say that it was Al Sirat Pasha?"
said Kazil, in strangely earnest tones.

"Yes, doubtless."

"Had I known that I could have killed him,
I fired full in the face of the man next to him,
and he dropped dead from his horse. Ah! that
it had been Al Sirat."

"You have doubtless some bitter cause for
your dislike of Al Sirat?"

"I have—a bitter cause."

General Aztec gazed an instant into the hand-
some, determined face of the young Sfaquiole,
and said:

"Signor, you have done me good service
to-night; are you attached to the Cretan ser-
vice?"

"No, signor."

"No, signor, I will make you a captain of staff."

"No, your highness; I deserve not, neither
do I care for such an honor; I thank you
from my heart; but I can serve my country
better as I am. Have you any orders for
Captain Delos, for I return immediately."

"Yes, signor generalissimo, he will bear me
back nearly as quick as he brought me hither,
and my duty calls me back."

"Say to Captain Delos that I will dispatch a
force at once for the coast—that they will march
until daybreak and camp at the old Metekini
monastery until dark, when they will push on
for the coast—say to him that his coming is a
Godsend, and that a warm welcome and high
rank await him and his young American
friend, of whom he speaks so highly in his dis-
patches; but you must have refreshments ere
your return, and your horse attended to—nay,
I will hear to nothing else, and calling a ser-
vant the kind-hearted general ordered that Ka-
zil's steed should receive every attention and
that refreshments must be set before the young
man."

Then he read his dispatches to the attend-
ant officers, who at once departed to detail a
force to start for the coast.

Alone with the young messenger General Az-
tec again made up his mind; but Kazil firmly,
yet politely refused them, and, excepting that
he was a Sfaquiole, and in the service of El
Estin, he could learn nothing regard-
ing him.

Ah! this is sad news that Captain Delos
writes of his flight from the coast, and that he
cruelly slain in a ruin, by whom no one knows.
Kazil made no reply, but arose from the table,
dashed off a glass of mellow Cretan wine and
signified his readiness to depart.

A few more words from General Aztec, an-
other officer, and Kazil was gone. The young
messenger sped away once more over the moon-
lit country, his eyes nervously watching the
eastern sky, as if dreading to see it grow rosy
before the approach of day.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE TURKISH RAIDERS.

WORKED out by the fatigue of the past night
Zuleikah did not awaken at an early hour; but
refreshed by her rest she soon made her toilet,
and sat down to await the coming of Kalo-
lah.

Her room was large and comfortable, and a
window gave her a grand view of the valley
and mountain, and seating herself upon a silken
divan, the maiden allowed her eyes to wander
admiringly over the beautiful scenery, lit
up by the rays of the morning sun.

Presently she heard the clatter of hoofs, and a
horseman dashed by the window and into the
court, his steed covered with foam, and gaunt
from a long, hard ride.

At a glance Zuleikah recognized the horse-
man she had seen first by her window the night
before and disappear in the olive grove toward
the coast.

"It is the messenger of Kaloalah; now she
will arise I hope, for I am anxious to know
what has transpired during the hours that I
have been idle."

Again the maiden turned her gaze upon the
scenery without the window; but it held no
longer charm for her—she was nervous and ill
at ease, and paced to and fro with anxious
face.

Thus half an hour passed, and then the heavy
curtains were thrown aside and Kaloalah en-
tered.

"Oh! I am so glad you have come," and Zu-
leikah threw herself into the arms of her fair
young hostess.

"How haggard you look! Why, you have
mourned all night," and Zuleikah gazed with
sympathy into the pale, sad face of her com-
panion.

"Yes, I had little rest; but let us not talk of
myself. I have good news for you. My mes-
senger has returned, and a Cretan force is now
on its way to the coast. To-night the arms and
stores will be removed from the ruin."

It is indeed good news; but your mes-
senger must have ridden hard to have returned
this soon. Why, it is four leagues to the camp
of the generalissimo, the Signor Malvern told
me."

Yes, he rode like the wind; but come, let us
break our fast, and Kaloalah led the way into
an adjoining chamber, where a table was set
out with hot coffee, *glyko*, an odoriferous stew
of chicken, barley-cakes and bottles of the red
Cretan wine—a breakfast palatable enough to
tempt an anchorite.

A huge mound of glowing coals gave a pleas-
ant heat to the room, while to neutralize the gas
and perfume the atmosphere strips of lemon-
peel were laid upon them.

A middle-aged woman, from the class of
peasantry, stood respectfully awaiting the maid-
ens, and her dark eyes cast a searching glance
at Zuleikah, as she entered, but otherwise she
showed no surprise or curiosity at her presence
there.

Both maidens seemed really hungry, and re-
lished the meal greatly, after which they re-
turned to the parlor.

*Sweet jelly of strawberries.

tired to another chamber for a confidential
chat.

But hardly were they seated upon silken
cushions, when the servant woman, who had
waited upon them in the breakfast-room, rushed
in, her face white with fear.

"Speak, Elik! What is it?" cried Kaloalah,
springing to her feet.

"The Turks! the Turks!" gasped the fright-
ened woman.

As she spoke there were heard cries and hoof-
beats without, a few pistol-shots, and a score
of Turkish cavalry, their purple plumes waving
in the breeze, dashed around the house.

"Oh, holy Heaven! we are lost!" cried
Zuleikah, and the blood fled from her face.

"Zuleikah, calm yourself, I fear. My servants
have fled like frightened sheep," replied Kalo-
lah, with remarkable self-possession.

Then came a stern order without, a heavy step
upon the portal, and a plumed and uniformed
Turkish officer entered the room.

Suddenly he started, as his eyes fell upon the
two maidens, and then his eyes flashed, as he
cried:

"By Allah! do I dream, or are you not the
lady Zuleikah, whom I believed in my harem
on the Bosphorus?"

Zuleikah could utter no reply. She beheld be-
fore her the man who, months before, had torn
her ruthlessly from her home—the red-handed
Turk, the cruel Al Sirat Pasha.

"Your silence answers. How in Allah's name
you ever came hither I cannot guess; but I have
you once again, my beauty, and fairest Kalo-
lah, I claim thy sweet self also."

With a cry of fury Kaloalah rushed upon the
Turk, a gleaming dagger in her upraised hand,
and with her whole strength, ere he could ward
off the unexpected blow, drove it downward to-
ward his heart.

But the steel shivered into atoms against a
diamond crescent that glittered on his breast,
and, foiled in her attempt at the life of the
slayer of her father, Kaloalah covered her face
with her hands, and sunk nerveless down be-
side Zuleikah, upon the silken cushions.

"Seize those two maidens, Balbak; but let no
insult be offered to them, or harm befall them,"
and Al Sirat Pasha turned with pale, stern face
toward an under officer who just then entered,
followed by several soldiers.

As the Turkish officer stepped forward to
obey, there was heard a loud cry without; sev-
eral shots followed in rapid succession; a shriek
of agony, a rushing of feet and the next instant
a tall form bounded into the room, a scimitar
in

lah from the power of Al Sirt. You have already served Crete nobly in what you and your noble friend have done; but you run a terrible risk—your lives are worthless if discovered."

"Well we know that; but now to work. How many men have you with you?"

"Three hundred, and plenty of means of transportation."

"Good! Now let us set to work."

For two hours the work of loading the uncouth vehicles and packing the asses and steeds went swiftly and busily on, and then the head of the transportation column filed from the ruin, and wound into the orange grove on its return.

Farewells were then spoken—a warm pressure of the hands of Julian and Paul, and Irtubide Bey mounted his steed and fell in with the rear guard of his force, and which was composed of the volunteers brought in the Silver Scimitar.

For some moments the two friends remained silently gazing after the retiring column, and then Julian said:

"Come, we must be off."

"Yes, there is no time to lose; but I would that we could solve the mystery of this old ruin—ha!" and Paul bounded away, and disappeared in the deep recesses of the crumbling temple.

Quickly Julian followed him.

Paul Malvern was standing in an open court, a puzzled expression upon his face—his scimitar was in his side—yet, his body disappeared.

"Yes, I shot the creature through the head; I saw the wound it made; it was not a glancing shot, as was the one the Turk gave me; it was he whom I killed—or—"

"Or what, Malvern?"

"His counterpart."

"Say rather his spirit," replied the Cretan, his superstitious nature again exerting control of his sound sense.

For a moment Paul made no reply; then he said, thoughtfully:

"I would that we could solve this mystery ere we go."

"Ha, ha, ha," broke in ringing, wild, demoniacal laughter through the ruin, and in a hoarse, deep bass came an echo:

"Ha, ha, ha."

"Come, Malvern; this is tempting Providence too far. None have yet solved the mystery of the grave. Come."

"I will yet solve this diabolical mystery, if God spare my life to return hither," muttered Paul, and the two friends walked slowly from the ruin.

Half an hour after the Silver Scimitar slowly glided seaward, and left behind her the haunted ruin in the ill-lit land of Crete.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 370.)

PIQUE.

BY HENRI MONTAIGNE.

Well, be it so, since you will have it so: And this shall be the end. With all my heart! One kiss for a poor sake before we part—(Of course our love is dead)—and I will go.

"Tis true we both regret it sore; but then no doubt 't is best. It was not of my doing. Yet I confess I feel a grove fired of wool, and it is pleasant to be free again."

So here's my hand; I bear you no despite For freeing me from vows that I repeat. Henceforth no more of sickly sentiment; We both are grown more wise. And now, good-night."

What! crying, grown? Nay, then, but whisper low 'Twas all a jest—that you feel one regret, And I will swear that I love you yet, And that for worlds I would not let you go."

Silver Sam;

OR,

The Mystery of Deadwood City.

BY COLONEL DELLE SARA.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

SPECULATING ON THE CHANCES.

COOLLY and resolutely the duellists paced off to their stations, but Montana was by all odds the cooler of the two.

Germaine had allowed his anger to get the better of him; besides, to a certain extent, he had been forced into this quarrel. He had not intended to give the miner a chance at him. He was brave enough, but he preferred always to have the advantage on his side, but in this matter "the honors were easy." A fair fight it was and no favor; man to man and pistol to pistol, and Heaven defend the right! to use the old end of the herald's proclamation when he threw down the truncheon, the signal for the knights to enter the lists and do battle unto the death.

Along with the major came Lieutenant Perkins as a sort of a second, and the two officers exchanged a few words as they promenade up the street.

"Well, you're in for it, major," the lieutenant remarked.

"Yes, but I didn't intend that the matter should take this turn," replied Germaine. "I wanted the fellow to gamble with some of the men so that I could have a chance to lay him by the heels, but the chap has been too smart for me."

"I have nothing of a shot?"

"I haven't the remotest idea."

"The chances are that he isn't."

"I don't know anything about it."

"You are going to try to wing him, I suppose?"

"Yes, if I can," the major answered, grimly and from between his set teeth. "The fellow has forced this thing upon me, and I intend to make him pay dearly for his rashness if I am able to."

"If this thing gets out as headquarters it might make trouble," Perkins suggested. The lieutenant was a prudent man and always kept a wary eye to the main chance.

"Oh, no one is likely to hear of it; and if I should be called to an account I can easily represent it all as a street fight. I was attacked by a ruffian and was compelled to use my weapons in self-defense."

"Yes, that would do; but, how are you going to manage this thing—going to open air at the word?"

"Yes, and no. If he is not an expert used to smelling powder in this sort of way, the chances are ten to one that he will begin firing the moment the word is given and blaze away until his weapon is empty. My game is a simple one, then. The moment the word is given I give him two shots; that will probably startle him, and, thinking that I will wing him before he gets a chance, he undoubtedly will blaze away as fast as he can, and as he will be nervous the chances are that he'll miss me; then, after his weapon is empty, we'll be at pretty close quarters, and I'll have four shots left—"

"And then you'll hit him, sure!" the lieutenant exclaimed.

"Yes, I think I stand a chance to, unless he gets frightened and runs; in that case I'll let him off easy, for he'll never dare to show his head in Deadwood again, or if he does he'll be apt to keep a mighty still tongue in his head," observed the major, complacently.

By this time the two had arrived at the appointed station and the lieutenant with a parting salutation withdrew to a safe distance from the field of action.

Perkins had no faith in Montana's marksmanship and was fully convinced that his bullets would fly wide.

Hallowell had accompanied the miner to his post and a few words were exchanged between the two on the way there.

"Darn that cuss!" Hallowell growled. "I wouldn't have given him this chance, now!"

You had him in the saloon—had the 'drop' right on him, and you could have peppered him—"

"Oh, let the man have a fair show," was Montana's careless response.

"Christmas! You're just as cool as an iceberg!" Hallowell exclaimed, in great admiration.

"Old fellow, I hold life so cheaply that I don't care whether I win or lose," Montana replied.

"Are you good with the poppers?" the big miner asked, a spice of anxiety in his tone.

"Oh, pretty fair, I guess I could hit a cow fifty feet off."

Hallowell shook his head.

"Parier, I'm afraid he's got the best on you. These soldiers haven't got within else to do but to shoot pistols and such like."

"Well, old man, I've faced a grizzly bear with nothing but a revolver in my paw, when it was certain death if I didn't hit her in a vital place at the first crack—and I live to tell you of it."

"Oh, State of Maine! gin it to him!" was Hallowell's emphatic demand.

"Plant me decently if I go under," and Montana laughed as he made the request.

"Oh, don't talk that way!" and Hallowell was very much affected. "If this chap has rung in a cold deal on you, damn me to thunder, if I don't go for him with a meat-axe! I don't take no stock in these pop-guns, but 'd climb' him, and four more like him, with a good-sized ax and take a contract to lay the hull caboodle of 'em out."

"Are you ready, gentlemen?" old John Brown called out. He stood by the side of the street midway between the two.

"Ready!" responded the major, promptly.

"Ready," answered Montana, in the next breath.

"Oh, sock it to him if you love me!" cried Hallowell, and then he hurried away.

The crowd which had been collected in little groups, in the center of the street, instantly scattered in all directions, each man eager to secure some available position from which to witness the coming fight without exposing his precious person to the risk of receiving a stray revolver-ball.

Not a man in the crowd but felt sure that when the "fun" did open it would be hot and heavy.

Germaine, as a military man, of course, was a fighter, and Montana, within the last few days, had given such proofs of his skill in fist-cuffs that nine out of ten in the crowd believed that the soldier had caught a tartar.

And no stronger advocate of this opinion was there than the Boss Bullwhacker of Shian!

Safely ensconced behind a large drygoods box, which happened to be standing on the verge of the sidewalk, his nose glowing in its rich tints, like a new lighted beacon, and just showing above the edge of the box—he was squatting down on his haunches like a huge frog, and as he squatted he expressed his opinions of the subject now before the meeting.

"He sed that that deer-skin-kivered chap had no fun in him, he did. He led me on like the young heifer a-goin' to the slaughter. He bet me ten dollars that I couldn't flax him, an' he was right; right for duets, every time, for that deer-skin brute sloshed me round jes' as easy as my lead-mule kicks a stranger with his hind-foot, an' the pilgrim is a-putting on the collar! Now, he's a goin' to see how it is himself. I owe that soldier cuss thirty dollars, but I stand ready to forgive the debt of Montana plugs him."

"I am agreeable to bet any gentleman fifteen thousand dollars that the major wings him in the first three shots!" cried the old general, popping up his head from behind a barrel on the opposite side of the street, "and if any gentleman doubts that I possess the funds I will put up my note for the amount!"

"I'll go four dollars and two bits that you can't write!" cried the bullwhacker, promptly.

And there was a laugh, and then a general "hush" went up on the air. The moment for opening the contest was near at hand, and not a man on the ground but believed that either one or both of the actors would fall in the struggle.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE SHOOTING-MATCH.

OLD John Brown looked up the street and then he looked down. Motionless as statues stood the two men, the moonbeams dancing upon the polished surface of the weapons which they grasped in their hands.

The saloon-keeper saw that both were ready for the fight. He believed that the advantage lay with the soldier, thinking that he was certainly more expert in the use of the pistol than the miner; and so, in order that the major might not have time to take deliberate aim between the word one and the word fire, he rattled out the sentence as fast as he could.

"One—two—three—fire!" he cried.

"Crack! crack!" went Germaine's revolver, the soldier firing almost on the word.

Montana had not even raised his weapon. A long breath was drawn by the lookers-on, so deep, so intense the inspiration that it sounded on the air like the convulsive gasp of some huge animal.

Motionless stood the miner, and one and all looked anxiously toward him; so still he stood that the spectators believed that he was hit, and even the major was desolved and glared anxiously at him, stepping forward two or three paces, thinking to behold his antagonist totter and fall.

And then, in that moment of suspense, just as the spectators were beginning to think that the miner had been stricken by some strange kind of palsy which fettered his limbs and yet permitted him to stand erect, like a flash up came the right arm of Montana, and the moment that the pistol was on a line with the shoulder, apparently without taking any aim at all, the miner fired—was solitary shot.

And as the white smoke curled up from the air, almost with the report of the revolver, the major uttered a stifled groan and reeled back a step or two.

"By Jove! he's hit!" old John Brown exclaimed, unable to repress the exclamation.

And indeed it was the most marvelous shot that the men of Deadwood had ever seen.

Lieutenant Perkins, perceiving that the major had been wounded, sprang forward to his assistance.

The miner's arm, after the firing of the single shot, had dropped back listlessly to his side, and he stood, quietly surveying his antagonist, evidently waiting for the major to signify whether he wished the affair to go on or not.

"You are hit, major!" Perkins exclaimed.

"Yes, the scoundrel has put a ball through the fleshy part of my arm!" the soldier cried, through his clenched teeth. "An accidental shot! I'll bet a thousand dollars that he can't do it again!"

Germaine was terribly excited.

"Will you continue? You are wounded in your right arm," and the lieutenant perceived the blood streaming down upon his hand and staining the polished butt of the revolver.

"Continue!" cried the major, in a rage; "by all the furies! I'll hit him on the next fire! I'm not disabled yet, and if my right arm gives out the left remains. Retire, lieutenant, retire!"

The soldier was plucky! there was no mistake about that, for he was evidently suffering extreme pain. The blood was running quite freely down his arm and his face was quite pale.

Perkins ran back to his former position. He fully agreed with the major in regard to the shot being an accidental one, for the miner had, seemingly, taken no aim at all, and the distance was about as great as a revolver could be depended upon to throw a ball with sufficient force to do mischief.

The opinion that the excellent shot was only a chance one was general among the bystanders, one decided exception only—Mr. Bludsoe. The Pride of the Rio rara was quite satisfied that Montana had "plugged"—as he expressed it—the soldier on purpose.

"Oh, he kin do it, he kin!" he cried to the old gray-bearded miner crouched with him behind the box. "Say, was you round when he patted me with those eggs? Hit me every time—never missed once—hit me on the head, I remember! I'll bet the hind-legs of two mules that he kin lead the lockjaw when she laid them eggs!"

Bludsoe's speech was brought to a speedy end by a movement for action on the part of the major.

He advanced some twenty feet, raised his arm—an operation that caused him to wince perceptibly with pain—and took deliberate aim right at Montana's face. The pale features of the miner, with the full light of the moon shining upon them, afforded a splendid mark. The soldier evidently intended to kill his antagonist, if it was in his power to do so.

The major was an excellent shot, but in this instance his terrible eagerness to surely compass the death of the miner overreached itself.

"To make assurance doubly sure," he dwelt too long on his aim before he pulled the trigger; his wounded arm trembled, and that tremor saved Montana's life, for the ball whizzed within an inch of his head, quite near enough to whistle in his ear.

Then, like the movement of a machine, up came the strong right arm of the miner. The weapon fired as soon as it was at the level, no aim again, apparently, being taken for all that any one could see.

Again the major uttered a groan—again he reeled, and this time the pistol dropped from his grasp, and he slumped the wounded right arm with the left hand.

"Curse me, if he ain't hit ag'in!" cried old John Brown, in wonder at this second miraculous shot.

"No accidental shot this time!" went round from mouth to mouth.

Perkins, as before, rushed to the assistance of his superior officer.

"The scoundrel has hit me in the same place again!" the major gasped, beginning to become exhausted from the loss of blood.

"What, in the right arm?"

"Yes, not two inches from the other!" Germaine cried, leaning heavily upon the shoulder of the lieutenant. "I can't hold my pistol, but I can shoot with my left hand, though! The scoundrel! I never saw such luck!"

The soldier would not admit that it was skill, not chance, which had directed the course of the ball.

"Pick up the pistol and give it to me in my left hand," he continued. "I am afraid to stoop, for I am getting terribly weak."

"Hadin't you better let the thing go, now?" Perkins asked. The lieutenant was not of his superior officer's opinion. He did not believe that accident had sent two balls within an inch of each other through the fleshy part of the major's arm; a spot evidently selected that the soldier might be disabled and yet not mortally wounded.

He now thought Montana to be one of those wonderful marksmen, occasionally met with on the vast plains of the frontier—men who seem to shoot by instinct, who, seemingly, take no aim, yet drive the ball home to the mark every time.

"Give me the pistol! I'll kill him yet!" gasped the major, in blind, impotent rage.

Perkins never troubled himself to argue with angry men; he simply regarded it as a waste of time; so he picked the pistol up, put it into the major's left hand, and retired in haste, while the major proceeded to take aim.

Then a sudden change came over Montana's face, and he cried aloud in his clear, deep voice:

"Major Germaine, twice now I have spared your life when I could have taken it as easily as to wound you in the arm, but I don't want to kill you; I want no man's blood on my soul! You have called me a rascal—a gambling thief! You have tried to mark me, and now I'll mark you so that all the world that see you once will know you again!"

Germaine in a great rage fired, but, as was only to be expected, the bullet flew wide of the mark.

Montana's fire answered the soldier's.

The major groaned, staggered and fell; he had fainted; the people clustered around him. Montana's bullet had cut away the lobe of the right ear!

The miner had indeed marked the major for life.

The "shooting-match" was over.

CHAPTER XL.

A STRANGE ACCUSATION.

AFTER the "shooting match" was over, Montana and Hallowell started directly for their home, although they had considerable trouble in getting away from the enthusiastic miners who were highly delighted at the success of their champion, and were extremely anxious to celebrate the victory by draining flowing bowls of potent "pion" within the classic precincts of the club-house until the

stars grew tired of winking and "jocund day walked tip-toe o'er the misty mountain tops," as Colonel Baltimore Bowie beautifully expressed it.

But Montana, politely and firmly declining the honor, fairly tore himself away, and with his partner started up the road for the West Gulch.

The twain passed beyond the limits of the town.

The big round moon with its lusty light shone o'er the scene.

"You'll have to keep your eyes open now," Hallowell observed, thoughtfully, as they walked along. "That fellow will do you a mischief if he can."

"Better an open enemy than a secret one. It is the unknown foe striking in the dark that I fear," was his partner's response.

As the words left the miner's lips, a dark form rose suddenly from behind the shelter of a giant boulder by the wayside—arose almost within arm's length of the two and so unexpected that both men jumped back and grasped their weapons.

No friend I was apt to lay in wait in such a manner, but a second glance revealed to the two friends that the dark figure was clad in womanly guise.

It was a woman, attired in a dark "water-proof" cloak, the hood drawn carefully over her face, thus completely concealing her features.

"A word with you, Montana," she said, the voice low and tremulous.

Montana, man of ice with a will of iron, simply nodded his head, but Hallowell, believing that he had recognized the speaker, was astonished—so astonished that he simply stood and stared with open mouth at the cloaked figure.

"Alone, please," added the woman, impatiently.

"I presume you will oblige the lady?" Montana remarked, perceiving that Hallowell was motionless with amazement.

"Oh, yes, sartin," the big friend responded, evidently still laboring under the effects of the surprise. "In course, anything to oblige. I'll wait for you at the turn of the road," he continued, addressing his partner, and then he inclined his head profoundly to the lady, "Good-evening, ma'am."

The tall son of Maine was in a state of great amazement as he walked slowly up the road, leaving the woman and Montana together.

"Well, damn my cats!" he muttered, "if this here part'n'r of mine don't take the hull caboodle of 'em fur all they're worth. First it's one, then it's 't'other. I reckon if this here sort o' thing goes on much longer we'll have the pair of them clawing each other next; and that all-fired cuss, too, takes it jest as cool as a cucumber! I wonder which one of the two he's goin' to hang on to? The little one is playing m'gy t' spunky. I reckon that she's heered 'bout 't'other one, and means to make Montana show his colors. Generally it's the feller that run after the gals, but in this case, the boot's on the other leg. Damn me! if I thought the little critter would have tried it on so bold, though she was allers so shy; but, when a gal gets it bad, they're a heap sight worse than us he-males!"

Hallowell passed on up the road, turned to the right around the bend, and his tall figure disappeared from the view of the watching pair.

"Step this way, please," said the woman, in her clear, sweet voice. "Behind the boulder we shall be sheltered from observation if any one should chance to pass along the road."

"Certainly," the miner replied, cool and collected as he was wont to be.

The twain passed around the boulder to the east and the giant rock completely concealed them from observation.

Face to face the two stood, within arm's length of each other, and the broad, bright beam of the moon gave ample light for the interview.

With an impatient motion the woman pushed back the hood of the cloak from her face, exposing to view the pale, pretty features of Mercedes Kirkleigh.

Montana was not surprised at the sight, for he had recognized the girl by her voice when she had first spoken.

"Montana—William Jones, or whatever you call yourself, you have been near death tonight."

Wildly, impulsively, the girl spoke, and every nerve within her pretty body seemed to be trembling with excitement.

The miner was decidedly more astonished by this peculiar speech than he had been by the unexpected appearance of the girl, but he replied on the instant.

"We are always near to death in this world."

"And if your life had been suddenly cut short by the bullet of Major Germaine, in your dying hour would not your mind be racked by the thoughts of a bitter wrong done to a weak and foolish woman—a wrong which has not been atoned for?"

The brows of the miner contracted just a bit and his muscles of the mouth grew stern.

"You talk in riddles—explain," he said, coldly.

"A single name does that—Juliet Oaks!"

Montana fairly started, and a look of profound amazement swept over his pale features.

"Juliet Oaks!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, Juliet Oaks, the woman, weak and foolish, entrapped by the arts—whom you know as well how to use—from her home and friends; who turned her back on everything that a woman holds most dear, who fled, like a thief in the night, from the little Illinois village to join you here in Deadwood, but who was overtaken by the vengeance of heaven whose laws she had outraged, and found a grave on the lonely prairie, instead of a life of guilty happiness with you!"

"And how comes it that you know aught of Juliet Oaks?" Montana asked, evidently much amazed.

"I am her half-sister," Mercedes answered.

"Our mother had two husbands. Juliet was ten years older than I. She and my father, her stepfather, did not agree, and when she was eighteen she ran away from home—we lived in Chicago then—and went as a teacher to the village in lower Illinois, where you made her acquaintance; there, after a time she married, and within two years after that marriage she met you; her husband was absent; she did not love him, but married him simply because she was tired of supporting herself. You won her from her duty and she fled, carrying her child with her. Stricken with an illness that she feared might prove fatal—as it did in time—from Cheyenne she wrote to me, the first letter that I had received from her since her flight from home, with the single exception of the answer which she sent to my letter announcing the death of her mother and stepfather, both of which events occurred within the limits of a single week. In the letter she wrote the story of her life, told of her marriage, the birth of her child, her tempta-

tion and her sin. She wrote as 'one might write be leaving, that death's dark angel was near. She feared that she would not survive the journey to Deadwood, and therefore she implored me to hasten to her. She instructed me to stop at a certain hotel in Cheyenne, and there receive instructions how to reach her. I came on at once. At the Cheyenne hotel I found a small trunk which had been left behind by her, but no letter. I waited a week and then came on to Deadwood. I feared the worst, and therefore I confided to no one the fact that I was a half-sister of the woman for whom I was inquiring so anxiously. In time I learned that Juliet had died on the journey, but could procure no tidings whatever of the child. Then I examined the trunk, thinking that perhaps I could gain a clue there to the name of the man for whom my poor unfortunate sister had forsaken home and friends. There were a few articles of clothing in the trunk, and among them a simple letter—a letter signed Robert Peyton, and dated at Cheyenne."

Loud and clear was the girl's voice, and her manner plainly indicated that she expected Montana would be affected by the knowledge possessed by her, but the face of the miner never changed.

The girl merely paused to take breath and then proceeded with her speech, evidently laboring under great excitement.

"The letter was brief, only stating that, so far, the writer had not found a spot likely to suit, but that as soon as he had done so, he would instantly send for her. That letter was in your handwriting; you are Robert Peyton, the betrayer of my sister!"

(To be continued—commenced in No. 362.)

Matrimonial Superstitions.

In olden days June was held the most propitious month in the twelve for marriage—a happy result being rendered doubly certain if the ceremony was timed so as to take place at the full moon, or when the sun and moon were in conjunction. That unimpeachable authority, the registrar general, tells us that May is in these later days a favorite marrying month in England, so that one matrimonial superstition has gone the way all such fancies are doomed, sooner or later, to go; for May used to be as much avoided by persons about to marry as June was favored, that merry month being supposed to be specially under the influence of malignant spirits, delighting in domestic discord. "The girls are all stark naked that wed in May," is the verdict of one old saw; another declares—

From the marriage in May,
All the bairns die and decay;
A third pronounces, "Who marries between the sickle and the scythe will never thrive;" while a poet, complimenting the month at the expense of what should be the ruling passion in marriage-minded folks, sings:

My never was the month of Love,
For May is full of flowers;
But rather Ap'ril, wet by kind,
For Love is full of showers!

In times gone by, candidates for matrimony in England were obliged to study time and seasons. The church would not allow them to marry just when they felt inclined. "Marriage," says the register of Norton, "comes in on the 13th of January, and at Septuagesima Sunday it is out again until Low Sunday, at which time it comes in again, and goes not out till Rogation Sunday; thence it is forbidden until Trinity Sunday; from thence it is unforgotten till Advent Sunday, and comes not in again until the 13th of January." That those concerned might better remember the rules, somebody put them in rhyme, running thus:

Advent marriage 't'oth deny,
But Hilary gives thee liberty;
Septuagesima says thee nay;
Eight days from Easter says you may;
Rogation bids thee to conjoin;
But Trinity sets thee free again.

Young ladies should abstain from listening to any one whose surname begins with the same letter as their own:

To change the name and not the letter,
Is a change for the worse, and not for the better



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Sunshine Papers.

Into the Battle.

INTO the battle of life hundreds of young men and maidens are soon to march, to fill their places, to fight for good or evil, to win success or meet with failure. This thought comes to us with the warm June days, and daily notices in the papers of commencement days at seminaries, colleges and universities, taking place now throughout the length and breadth of our land.

At first, we scarcely think of the warfare—physical, moral, social and religious—these announcements prefigure. Instead we think, with smiles—recollecting the days when we were of this happy fraternity—of orations that are being prepared, of choruses under practice, of dinners and reunions anticipated, of crowded halls, of well dressed throngs, of congratulatory friends, of music, and prizes, and flowers, and applause. Now comes the time when "friend must bid good-by to friend," when ties that have lasted warm and true through four happy years must be sundered, and when never again the same. In a few weeks, now, the student-life will be a pleasant dream of the past, and the real life will have commenced; for then every college and seminary of our land this June-time, 1877, as in many June past, will send forth its class of students from the narrow arena of *Alma Mater* walls, to the wide arena of the world—there to work and strive.

And in what part of the fray will all these young warriors take their place? How many of them shall hear in after years, as they bear

on graduation day, the applause of an approving crowd? It remains with them alone to decide. Success awaits all those who enter the fray with brave hearts and unwavering patience; for all those who have practiced, through their school days, until they have become integral principles of their lives, thoroughness, perseverance, uprightness, love of purity and truth, hatred of trickery and deceit, to choose death rather than commitment of dishonorable acts! Some will choose to war in the paths of the law; others will fight in the cause of science; many will battle for souls, and some for lives—with the weapons of medicine, surgery, and common-sense. There will be those entering the paths of literature, the majority to do light work, a few, perhaps, to accomplish something more profound. The ranks of merchants, bankers, brokers, will be swelled, and clerkships not a few will be sought. Many will become teachers, some in time professors; a minute portion may develop musical or histrionic talents, or become explorers. Some may give their attention to the science of engineering, and some may have so little ambition for themselves and so little love for humanity as to be nothing and do nothing!

But, how many of these young warriors will have so true an appreciation of self-dignity and the dignity of labor as not to be ashamed to turn the attention of their developed minds and trained intellects to some mechanical labor? How many will feel within them the spirit of the true man and hero, and dare to contest for success against their brother graduates, who enters the law or the ministry, by themselves becoming an architect, a builder, a mason, a plumber or a farmer; and go to college reunions from the workshop or the reaping of a ten-acre field.

And how many of the young ladies, who for success are undergoing a process of mind-training and culture under the supervision of professors, will go into this battle of life with bold determination to turn this training to some account? Will they keep on with their studies when study is no longer a matter of enforcement but of choice? Will they make deep researches in Latin and Greek? Will they pursue their knowledge in French and German until they are competent interpreters, teachers or translators? Will they still devote themselves to scientific researches until their names and researches, perchance discoveries and inventions, be spoken of with praise and gratitude by many people? Will they make music a science! mathematics a profession! or their knowledge of literature, or work in that line, of monetary value in the literary market? Or will they prove cowards and laggards in the battle of life, afraid to do any good work for themselves or others?

But, let us hope that in the army of our scholastic institutions shall send out into the world this summer-time there will be many men and women who, fighting well the battle of life, shall win before and after death the victor's crown.

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

THE LOVE OF A LITTLE CHILD.

"ONCE upon a time," as fairy stories are wont to begin, there lived a woman whose nature had not been kind to in the way of personal attractions, for smooth the facts over as one would, still her face was an exceedingly plain one, and she well knew that fact. Then she was an old maid, a circumstance that many regard with horror, for many a woman will take up with any sort of a being, for a husband, in order to escape the state of single blessedness, only to find out too late, poor, deluded, foolish, ignorant souls! that an unloved or misused wife has a harder lot to bear than that of an old maid.

The woman I write of was not popular with the male sex, for—I grieve to say—men are more captivated by a pretty face than anything else—except it may be money—in the selection of a wife; and this woman was poor, a hard worker, too, going five miles to get work from some shop, and five miles to carry it back when done. Of course she walked, for her means were too limited for her to think of riding; and twenty miles a week was a good deal for her, to say nothing of the loss of time in going and returning.

I am sorry to say that her disposition was not a very pleasant one. Like a great many of us, she was apt to complain when a thing went wrong, and to fret over her hard luck; and she had a foolish idea that the world was conspiring against her, and that every one hated her. With such thoughts in her head she could not enjoy life very well—and she didn't.

On her way to the shop she had to pass a very pretty house, outside of which a little boy was wont to play; and one day, as she was passing, this boy, perhaps noticing her tired, careworn look, ran out and handed her a large sunflower. Now, at this moment, she had on her discolored garments—and, believing herself to be insulted, seized the unoffending flower, threw it on the ground, trampled it under foot, and then looked back to see how the child appreciated her conduct. She saw the boy standing, tears in his eyes, and his voice uttering these words: "I thought you'd like it; it seemed so pretty to me. It was all I had, and you looked so tired I thought you seemed as though you wanted some one to like you."

Those words removed the mist from the woman's eyes; they cleared away the veil, and showed her that she had some one to love her even if it were but the love of a little child. She felt humbled, as you or I would have done; she asked forgiveness of the child! Would you or I have felt like lowering our dignity to ask forgiveness of a child? And, as the gaudy sun-flower was all he had to give her, so she gave him all she had to give—one penny.

But, these little gifts cemented their friendship, and he told her he was going to save up all his pennies to buy a pony, so she wouldn't have to walk so much.

The current of that woman's life was altered. She grew more hopeful and less despondent. The face seemed to be less homely, for it was lit up with a smile. The weary woman really longed for the time to come when she could pass that house, in order to see her little friend. Little gifts passed between them, and pleasant words were always exchanged.

One day came when she did not pass the house, for, upon her arrival there, she could not discover her new-found friend. The mother met her at the door and asked her in, telling her that little Bertie wanted her to come to see him, for he was sick. The woman had found her way to that mother's heart, and all through the love of a little child. Bertie was glad to see her and begged his mother to let her stay. She did so. She—the woman—was a good nurse, and it was through her help that Bertie got well.

But this woman did not go back to her old life of drudgery and toil; she became a companion to Bertie's mother, and though she could not change her homely face, she could

—and did—change her fretful disposition to one of cheerfulness. She did not consider it so very awful to be considered an old maid. But she had found a home among kind friends—had seen that the world was not all callous and cold—had learned to see that she could make herself loved despite her unattractiveness, and all through the love of a little child. She saw that little hearts might be crushed as she had crushed the sunflower unless one's actions proved themselves thankful.

I expect Mr. Editor will be "in my hair" for giving him this little life sketch in place of an essay this week, but we won't scold him because he generally lets me have my say.

But think of this little one all around us, starting for our love and whom we treat so ungratefully. How many would be made better for our kindness if we would but attract and not repel them! Sometimes I think the love of a little child will draw us nearer Heaven—that a little child will guide us through the pearly gates, for our Savior loved these little ones and I know He will love those whom they love. A bereaved parent who has lost one of these little ones will tell you that he would give up all he has if he could bring back to him the love of his little child.

EVE LAWLESS.

Foolscap Papers.

Some Late Inventions.

I AM always inventing something or other. When I was learning shoemaking I used to spend a good deal of my time, and more of the boss', in this pursuit. I worked on perpetual motion a great deal, but never thought I had found it since I used to turn the grindstone for my father. Heaven bless him!

Of late I have devoted a great deal of attention to the discovery of a machine that would help me to rest, but I see that I can't make any improvement that would answer better than my own natural frame, which is nearly worn out from having so much resting to do.

Among my most desirable inventions of late is the sheet-iron boarder. This is designed expressly for boarders at cheap boarding-houses, and for their relief when victuals are execrably bad. It is seated in your chair, taking your place at the table, and does the eating for you, allowing you to stay away and tend to other business. By this arrangement you don't have to be on hand at any meal. The beauty of the thing is it eats everything that is on the table without manifestations of disgust, and it doesn't get sick over it, and never grows. Landladies like them, and boarders think they are heavenly. The sheet iron boarder can be regulated to eat just as much as you would if the victuals were good, and its board costs no more than if you were there yourself.

For the purpose of making gardening I have invented a steel snout which I place on the noses of pigs, and let them into the yard. It is better than a spade or plow, and allows you plenty of time to go into the house and assort your money, putting the big bills in one pile, and the little bills in another, and doing them up in large bundles.

I have also taken out a patent for a machine for taking out the kinks in pigs' tails, which is highly beneficial to the cause of science.

One of my inventions is a cast-iron man, to be used only in editors' rooms, and when any man comes in and begins to talk about more than everything that he knows, the editor can politely refer him to this cast-iron man, and tell him to talk to it. It is made of the best and hardest iron by a new process, and in an ordinary editorial room will be warranted to last a year—unless it gets too much talk. A new one can then be purchased.

I have invented an egg-scoop, which is one of the handsomest things in use; it will shovel up one peck of eggs at a time, and you can then empty them into your barrels. It is a great improvement on the ordinary slow way of taking them up, three at a time, with your hand; the eggs might break, but this egg-scoop never can. It is warranted.

My burglar alarm is a good thing, and is highly recommended by everybody, except the burglars. It looks like an ordinary bureau, and is of the same size, with looking-glass on the top; but it has only two feet instead of four. This is set up against the door when you go to bed at night, and when the thief pushes the door open it falls over on the floor with a terrible crash, which alarms the thief (and you a little), and he runs away. It is a very effective scare. It is a splendid thing for traveling men; the inconvenience of carrying it along is fully compensated by its general utility.

My runaway horse stopper is a fine invention, and is selling rapidly. It is a very heavy anchor of iron, not quite as large as a ship's anchor, but is just as good; to this is attached a strong rope. You carry it in your buggy, and when your horse runs off all you have got to do is to get out and tie the rope around his hind leg securely, and let the anchor drag on the ground. It stops the horse most effectually—if you get it on right.

The coin measure, which I have spent much time on, is pronounced perfect. It measures a peck at a time, and there is no telling how many bushels an ordinary man can measure in a day, if he begins early. It is very convenient in a small family, and no man should be without one. They are so cheap that the poorest can afford one.

My contrivance to remove corns is splendid. It consists of a solid frame with two strong bars on each end for two men to carry. You roll the corn over it with a crowbar, if it is one of ordinary size, and with assistance you can remove it to the bone yard.

My contrivance for the prevention of accidents in falling out of four story windows received the medal at the Centennial. It consists of straps, with firm iron hooks attached, and a belt of leather. When you find that you are falling from a window, you buckle this around your waist, and place the hooks firmly on the cap or sill of the lower window. Many an accident would have been prevented if they had had one of these preservers, and used it according to the printed directions, both in German and English, and also French.

I have long seen the necessity of a latch key which would be less trouble to find the keyhole with, especially on extremely dark nights, in spite of two moons; so I have invented a magnetic key-hole and magnetized key, so the latch-key is immediately drawn up to it without any difficulty. It is highly recommended by the Young Men's Christian Association of this place.

There is nothing better than my patent boot-jack. It consists of a heavy clamp, anchored with iron rods under the cellar foundation. The toe and heel is firmly fixed in the clamp, a rope fixed to a pulley above is placed around your waist, and a windlass by any ordinary darkey is then turned, and the strain is on the foot, but the boot never falls. This is designed more especially for shoe-shops where they do a close business. You could maintain

a private one at home if you wished, for they cost nothing to keep, and are cheaper than a cow.

I invented a process to toughen steaks, which is a thorough success, and is highly praised by benevolent proprietors of boarding-houses everywhere. The process is a secret which I sell for ten dollars. It is done by soaking the steaks in a certain solution until they arrive at the required toughness. It makes a steak much better than a half-sole, and it has an equal amount of nutriment.

For any further information in regard to these inventions send for circular containing illustrations by the great masters, inclosing stamps, of course.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

Topics of the Time.

—THE Khedive of Egypt is about to visit France. He will leave Cairo on the 15th of May, and after a short stay in Constantinople proceed to Vichy—for the benefit of his health, it is said.

—California sent last year 335 car loads of fruit, averaging 20,000 pounds to a car. The freight alone amounted to \$211,500. Enthusiastic shippers predict a double amount this year.

—An extensive organization has been effected in Great Britain with the object of importing from the United States meat, fruit and vegetables, and selling them direct to consumers without passing through the hands of "middle-men" as at present.

—The new interest law of Connecticut fixes the rate of future contracts at six per cent, 360 days being counted as a year. Should a borrower agree in writing to pay taxes and insurance, the sums actually so paid may be legally collected, in addition to the six per cent.

—Chin Mook Sow, the condemned murderer, to be hanged in San Francisco, says plaintively: "I no like hang, no like choke. When I was in China I went to Melican church. A man say when we die good Chinaman go up, bad Chinaman go down. I think I go up. I never went to church or to Joss house. No fun there."

—There is a newboy in San Francisco, James Handley by name, who is rapidly acquiring a fortune by the sale of newspapers. He is but fourteen years old, yet owns two houses and several building lots on Telegraph Hill. He recently built a third house there for \$1,800, and sold it to his brother for \$2,300. The brother, also a newboy, sold it again for \$3,100. Jimmy aspires to a profession, and attends the Lincoln School, where he stands high in his class.

—Gen. Grant says in regard to his foreign tour, that if he gets tired of traveling he will come home; but if he enjoys it, he may prolong his stay two or three years, and extend his journey around the world. If he had a fixed purpose, however, of going around the world, he would go West, as Seward did. As to his future home, he dismisses all thought of that, and cannot say until after his return whether he will settle down in Galena or some other place.

—As to the "latest styles" we have this to report: Jabots of plaited muslin or crepe lisse are seen on the handsomest costumes. Gold earrings in the shape of slender ladders with six steps are the latest novelty in jewelry. All new dresses have a cravat bow either of silk or ribbon, raveled at the ends to represent fringe. Eleven prominent families remove from Washington Heights this spring on account of hard times. Ladies' hats covered entirely with flowers of every hue are now displayed in the windows of fashionable milliners.

—Daniel went down into the lions' den in San Francisco the other day. While a cage containing a lion, a lioness, and a tiger was trundling along the streets in the rear of a circus procession, Daniel, the lion-tamer, went down, serene and brave, not with the traditional blue cotton umbrella in his hand, but with a rusty iron crowbar, and he conquered an honorable peace. The lion bit him in the leg and put his paw on his joint, and when he emerged from the cage he scarcely had strength to call for brandy and water.

—Bertha Von Hiller, the "walkist," has a beautiful figure. She has a long and steady stride. She has a long step and a firm tread. She looks in perfect health. She walks with her mouth shut, and her hands are at her sides. Her gown is short and blue, her stockings are of the heavenly color, her boots are without heels, her hat is small and gray. Her face is frank, intelligent and pleasant. Her hair is light and massed. Round about her neck she wears the regulars of a machine. She is very attractive to everybody who sees her. In Boston she has just walked 50 miles in a trifle over 11 hours!

—Prof. Marsh some time ago read a newspaper item to the effect that there had been found near a village in Switzerland a fossil "pterodactyl" with the wings in perfect preservation. The Yale professor, however, that among the fossils of this animal none was known with the wings preserved. He instantly repaired to the telegraph-office and sent a message to a Swiss naturalist: "Buy the new pterodactyl and send it to Yale College." The naturalist obeyed, paying for the fossil a little over \$1,000. Soon after it was sold telegrams poured in from every museum of the world—Boston, Berlin, Paris, St. Petersburg, London—asking the price, requesting photographs, etc., but it was already on the way to the man who said buy it.

—The annual rate of mortality, according to the recent weekly returns, was in each 1,000: In Calcutta, 35; Bombay, 40; Madras, 19; Paris, 23; Geneva, 32; Brussels, 22; Amsterdam, 23; Rotterdam, 28; The Hague, 25; Copenhagen, 24; Stockholm, 20; Christiania, 16; Berlin, 24; Hamburg, 27; Dresden, 24; Breslau, 24; Munich, 26; Vienna, 27; Buda-Pesth, 42; Naples, 37; Turin, 28; Venice, 28; Alexandria, 40; New York, 20; Brooklyn, 21; Philadelphia, 16, and Boston, 22. In Madras 445 deaths were referred to cholera and 44 to small-pox; this great fatality is partly attributed to the number of famine-stricken residents of neighboring districts who have flocked into the city.

—Tecumseh Sherman, the Lieutenant-General's youngest child, is a little fellow only ten years of age, shy and quiet to a degree, but whose every taste turns toward a military career; when he takes a pencil in his hand it is only to draw forts and soldiers, guns and cannons, battlefields and camps; his toys are drums, swords, guns and soldiers, small cannon, and his favorite reading is the Army Register, for which he will drop his most cherished story books. Young as he is he knows the name and station of every regiment—infantry, cavalry and artillery—in the army; he knows the rank, actual and by brevet, the name and station of every officer, down to the youngest lieutenant. West Point is the object of his hopes, and he is thought to be seriously exercised lest his cousin, George Miles, should so effectually quell the North-western troubles as to leave him no chance to strike a blow.

—Miss Connor, a bridesmaid, summoned Dr. Lynch, a wedding guest, before a Dublin police court on March 24th on a charge of having damaged her silk gown. At the wedding he had attempted to kiss her, and in their struggles her dress was torn. He also accidentally spilled some tea on it. The dress was worth £4, and he promised to replace it, but did not. She said she complained of his conduct to her aunt, who only laughed, and said, "she would get used to it." For the defense it was pleaded that the wedding guest only took the recognized liberties with a bridesmaid, but the magistrate contended that not being the best-man the defendant was not privileged. The counsel evincing a disposition to be disputatious the magistrate dismissed the case abruptly with the remark, "Go away out of that."

Readers and Contributors.

Declined: "Somebody's Darling," "Friendship," "Percy St. Clair's Loss," "Night," "Minnie May," "A Sad Journey," "The Gift of a Ring," "Win Rogers Fall Out," "The Sword of Brass," "A New Hat a Cost," "Keeping the Peace," "Making the Best of It."

Accepted: "To—," "Thoughts," "Walkways," "A Guess That Came True," "What Lou Means Won," "The Story of a State-room," "A Brother to Trust," "Keeping Secrets," "Twenty She'll Be!" "Stolen Sweet," "A Friend in Need," "Take What You Will."

T. S. I. — goes to the Black Hills in June, for his summer vacation." He can be addressed through us.

W. E. G. — We can use no MSS. by inexperienced writers. You must yet study and perfect yourself before essaying to write for others.

HENRY ALLIGER. It is impolite to write a note, address an envelope, or write upon a postal card with lead-pen. Always use pen and ink.

Y. P. L. U. There is no "charge" for entering or attending the naval school at Annapolis. Apply to your Congressman to put in your application for appointment.

T. N. J. — Oil Coomes is ours "exclusively." He has not written a line for any other paper for over two years. If others have any of his stories, they are simply some of his first efforts, of which the author would not now be proud.

MRS. SADIE M. For good recipe for the mocking-bird food see FEADLE'S DIME HOUSEWIFE'S MANUAL. This bird needs all kinds of wild berries, wild cherries, currants, etc. Dry these for winter use. We always use Indian meal, with milk. A so grated hard-boiled egg, fine minced meat, grasshoppers, spiders, meal worms. Keep the bird from all drugs.

KIRBY SARGENT, Kingston, writes: "What are the fashionable colors for spring? How can I make up a suit, out of old black and white check silk, to make it look real nice? What does an 'old' mean? The fashionable colors are cherry, lemon, Nile green, yellow, and blues.—Make over the silk with trimmings of navy blue, and it will be very stylish. The 'old' means 'quite correct,' or 'just the thing.'"

ISAAC E. L. Naval appointments are hard to obtain. So are appointments to West Point. They are all *inter-mediate* gifts and can only be had by order of the Navy or Army Department. We always try to dissuade ambitious boys from seeking for these appointments. Better think of some profession, or some commercial calling, and then, if it is greatly overstocked and with a most inferior class of persons. The result has been to lower the profession in *me ale* and profit. Choose any other profession than that.

COLORADO CHARLEY. Nebraska has its drawbacks as well as all other States. The lands yet to settle are on "the plains," mostly; and to a person raised in the East will seem very desolate indeed. Then the winds are everlastingly blowing, and the acidity in summer is very hard to bear. But the soil is very productive; cattle are easily raised and cheaply wintered; sheep flourish amazingly, and the free life is very pleasant to lead. So be your own judge whether to go or not. The trapping season is in the fall, winter and early spring, when fur is thickest on the hide.

MABEL. Your ambition is a laudable one, but the Stage is so hard as a profession, especially to a woman. Success for her is only over thorny paths. But that you seem to understand. Your "sister" is impossible to prescribe. If any friend knows a friend who is connected with the stage, appeal to him or her for advice. If no other means offers, visit Boston, if you can, and call upon some manager, to get his views and perhaps assistance. Be very patient even over discouragement. Read Mrs. Eastwold's "Autobiography" and her "Mimic Life," for they will give you an excellent idea of what stage life is and is not. Also read Olive Logan's "Behind the Scenes," if you can get it.

ELLEN D. V. writes: "Will you settle a controversy that has occurred between myself and sister? There is a lady who frequents our table, who never says 'if you please,' or 'thank you' to her husband, or son, or the servants, and who has rendered. I think it would be nicer for her to do so; but my sister says it would seem silly and affect for her to be constantly uttering such trifling attentions. Do you think it is ever silly to be polite?" Certainly not. The lady could quietly, oftentimes, merely with a bow or smile, recognize all little favors done her, without saying a word. "Thank you," and "please," are very effective words under any circumstances.

MARTHA L. SAYS: Last year I froze my nose. Is there anything to take away the red color? If there is, will you please tell me what?

"A frozen nose as red as a rose; Is there a cure that any one knows?"

The only cure of which we have heard is plentiful use of Pond's Extract of Hamamelis. Suppose you give that a fair trial? At night place a soft linen cloth saturated with the Extract upon your nose. After you have tried this several weeks you may discard for a second course of treatment, some refined chalk with one-third glycerine and two-thirds water to a thick paste. At night spread the paste thickly over your nose.

GATES, J. N. Send for trees direct to some known and responsible nurseryman. Agents and tree-dealers are not to be trusted. You can't afford to wait several years for a tree to bear and then discover that your fruit is some undesirable variety. For standard pears we should say, for six trees: Doyenne d'Ete, Bloodgood, Bartlett, Seckel, Sheldon, Lawrence. These are all well known, and early to bear. Put in at same time one same plot of ground six to ten dwarf, viz: St. Michael, Bartlett, Del. Truitt, Belle Lucrative, Lawrence, Louise Bonne, Rose and Boussock. These dwarfs will give you fruit in second or third year, and when the standards grow large enough to demand the ground, the dwarfs can be got rid of.

MOLLIE CLARKING, Clinton, writes: "Will you kindly inform me how ladies hold up the skirts of the long dresses now worn?" Most of the long skirts, half way down the back breadth, are caught in a box plait, or gathered up in a piece of ribbon, which keeps the skirt smooth in front and causes it to hang full in the proper place. Just above this fullness or plait is a second firmly sewn loop of ribbon or the dress material, by passing the fingers through this loop the entire fullness of the skirt is easily gathered from contact with the ground. Another method is adopted by some young ladies. The ribbon is attached in the place of the loop, and leaving quite a space is tied with flowing bows and ends. When walking the ribbon is slipped over the arm like the handle of a sash, and the train is easily carried, while the ribbon floating from the arm is rather a pretty adornment.

ESSIE asks: "If I take a niece present from a gentleman friend, who is only a friend, and not a sister, or lover, do I do wrong? Can I go to a lady friend's house and there meet gentlemen whom I cannot for certain reasons visit at home? The lady is a distant relative, and she seems to know it. What do you think I should do?" The propriety of accepting the gift depends entirely upon the gift itself, the circumstances under which it was offered, and the intimacy of the gentleman with your family. When in doubt regarding such a case, you should state the details to us fully, or consult some elderly lady, or who you know will give you truthful advice.—Under most circumstances it would be considered "improper" for you to meet abroad persons whom you are not allowed to receive at home. Still there might be mitigating circumstances which would render such a course of action admissible. If your relative is a woman of experience and excellent judgment, she is probably good authority.

"HONORABLE" Quincy, Ill., writes: "I have seen questions so kindly answered in your paper, and being exceedingly annoyed thought I would give you advice for myself, which I will accept and follow with thanks. For years I have been troubled with liver-spots in my face which are constantly increasing in number and look very bad. Please tell me what will remove them and keep them in check. To remove the spots of which you complain will be a work of weeks or months, but if you have pluck and perseverance enough to undertake the cure you can quite remove them and, doubtless, greatly benefit your general health. Every day, either at rising or retiring, take a quick sponge bath in entirely cold or almost cold water. (If you cannot endure the cold water at first, get used to it as soon as possible.) Three times a week, instead of a cold bath, take one with *hot* suits, using instead of the face as well. Buy from a reliable druggist, tartaric acid—extract of dandelion root—and have him make it up for you into large pills. Take a pill four nights a week, for four or five months. Eat

IF I WERE A FLOWER.

BY MRS. ROGERS.

If I were a beautiful, delicate flower,
With a tint like an ocean shell,
I would seek to gladden each passing hour
For thee whom I love so well.

If I were a rose with a wondrous skill,
I would fling the limer's art,
That thine eyes might rest on my charms at
Will.

While my perfume filled thy heart,
If I were a creamy orange-bud,
My nectar I'd diffuse,
Till my soul should bathe in the ambient flood,
Faint and sweet with glimmering dew.

If I were a sweet anemone,
Or a delicate aphyrodel,
Or mine eyes were bright as the starry light
That lurks in the hyacinth bell;

If I were a lily, white and fair,
Unstained as a drift of snow,
Yet warmed to life the sunny air
That over the garden blows;

My love, I would tell in each crystal,
As my mystical leaves would open,
And my deep devotion be pictured well
In the purple heliotrope.

Ah! no fabled lorus-cup have I,
With enchantment in its cell,
Yet I link thee with all that is pure and high,
Thee, these whom I love so well.

Forget if thou canst I am human quite,
If only for one short hour,
And let me live in thy dreams to-night
As a beautiful pink-veined flower.

America's Commodores.

SOMERS AND SHUBRICK.

BY CAPT. JAMES MCKENZIE.

NEITHER Richard Somers nor John Templeton Shubrick were "commodores" by title, but both served so brilliantly in the early naval history of the Republic, and both died so young in the discharge of duty that their memories are still fondly cherished by all who revere high courage and chivalrous devotion to the flag.

Somers came of patriotic stock. His father and grandfather were wealthy landed proprietors of Cape May county, New Jersey. The father was a prominent Whig and patriot during the Revolutionary troubles, who, for the safety of his family, moved from Great Egg Harbor into Philadelphia, where Richard was born in 1779. He was educated at Burlington, and, after a little coast cruising, which fostered his fondness for the sea, he entered our then just forming navy, in 1798, as midshipman.

The first vessels put in commission were the *Ganges*, 24 guns; *Constellation*, 38; *Delaware*, 20; and *United States*, 44. This little force bore the broad pennant of Commodore John Barry, senior officer in the service, and in her Somers made his first cruise, with Stephen Decatur for a mess companion, and young Barron and Stewart as lieutenants. The *United States* saw no belittling service, and sailed to Lisbon in 1799, when Somers had become third lieutenant. When the "French Directory Troubles" war ended, in 1800, he had become second lieutenant, and was known as an excellent officer on the finest vessel in the young navy.

The French war being closed, the frigate was laid up, and Somers was transferred to the *Boston*, 28, as first lieutenant, in 1801. In her he cruised the Mediterranean for over a year, returning at the close of 1802.

His first command was in the gun-boat *Nautilus*, of 12 guns, a schooner of 165 tons, designed for light service on the Barbary coast. Thither he proceeded in the summer of 1803, as part of Commodore Dale's squadron, operating against Tripoli. Being a small and fleet craft, splendidly handled, the *Nautilus* was very busy as convoy and dispatch boat all that fall and winter, in which service Somers won the entire confidence of the commodore, and excited the admiration of his brother officers for his spirit, efficiency, and gentlemanly bearing.

In March, 1804, the *Nautilus* and *Siren* were blockading the harbor of Tripoli, when they overhauled and captured a privateer running under English colors, but really in the service of the Bashaw of Tripoli. This craft was rechristened the *Scoeur*, 16 guns, and put into the blockade, although President Jefferson's "scruples" prevented her formal condemnation as a prize.

Preble's squadron assembled in force before Tripoli late in July (1804), and, as noted in our sketch of the commodore, then commenced a series of attempts on the Moor stronghold that put American valor, seamanship and efficiency to a severe test. Officers and crews alike seemed inspired with a spirit of emulation that courted danger, and welcomed an order for attack as a compliment to their courage.

Somers and his friend Decatur were given command of the two divisions of gun-boats (three each, and six in all) loaned to Preble by the King of Naples. They were light, and being well manned by Neapolitans and by detachments from the crews of their own vessels, were put by Preble to the work of demolishing the Moor gun-bowt fleet lying along and outside the reef in front of the harbor, and fully covered by the batteries erected on the reef.

The first attack on this fleet, made on the 2d of August, was of remarkable gallantry. Decatur, with the leeward division, carried his vessels right into the very midst of the Moor boats, and entered into a hand-to-hand combat on their decks. He was joined by one of Somers' divisions, under James Decatur (a brother of Stephen), while another of Somers' boats, obeying Preble's signal of recall, retired from the fight. This left Somers alone to sustain the concentrated fire of the westernmost section of the enemy's boats and their reef batteries. He ran his little craft, with its one long gun, within pistol shot of the Moor's fire-boats, and by keeping the vessel from drifting by the use of sweeps, held her in position until he had actually compelled the Moors to run. The commodore, seeing his peril, ran the *Constitution*, the flag ship, as close in as practicable, and by covering Somers with his guns, enabled the lieutenant to get out of the unequal combat, which had been one of tremendous danger.

This gun-boat contest was renewed on August 7th. The two divisions were again led by Decatur and Somers—their vessels now increased in number to nine, by Decatur's capture from the Moors, on the 2d. This combat, like the first, was one of unflinching bravery, and ended by the dispersion of the Moors' fleet outside the reef.

Aug. 28th (Somers then advanced, by commission from home received on the 7th, to the grade of commander) a third gun-boat assault was made. Under cover of night the light vessels anchored near the reef rocks, and when thus in near position to the harbor and town, opened on the place by a tremendous cannon-

ade, sustained by the squadron fire. Every one of the Tripolitan gun-boats and galleys were either sunk, beached or driven into the harbor under the fortress guns.

Sept. 3d a fourth assault was tried, when Somers and Decatur, with their little fleet, passed into the harbor's mouth and succeeded in concentrating the enemy's flotilla in the inner harbor.

To destroy it there was Preble's desire. The plan adopted is said to have been proposed by Somers. Envious of, but not displeased with, the brilliant success of his friend Stephen Decatur (in the affairs of the gun-boat flotilla attacks, as well as in the daring dash into the harbor on the night of February 15th, when Decatur destroyed the captive ship *Philadelphie*) Somers sought the post of most danger—that of trying to fire the shipping in the harbor, and by the explosion of a vast mass of powder to so shatter the Moors' defenses as to compel the Bashaw to terms.

A bomb-ketch taken from the enemy by Decatur, and in which he had entered the harbor when he destroyed the *Philadelphie*, was selected as the "fire ship." She was to have a magazine containing seventeen tons of powder in her hold, while her decks were to be strewn with missiles (shells) that, once fired, would rend everything in their vicinity, and by igniting the train would then explode the magazine in one awful concussion. This was all prepared under Somers' direction, assisted by his brother officers of the squadron, who, one and all, took the deepest interest in the daring but most perilous enterprise. As these preparations had been made prior to the attack of the 3d, the night of the 4th was chosen for the desperate adventure.

Calling for volunteers from his own crew of the *Nautilus*, every man stepped forward; but, as only ten were wanted, four were chosen from the schooner, and six from the flag-ship. These, with Somers for commander, and Lieutenant Henry Wadsworth, of the flag-ship, for second officer, were all that were to participate in the attempt, although one other, Lieutenant Joseph Israel, smuggled himself into the ketch and was thus among the adventurers.

At nine that night the ketch went in, piloted by the *Vixen*, *Argus* and *Nautilus*, who were to cover the retreat. Somers was to run the death-dealing craft close into the shipping, under cover of the darkness; and, once in position, to fire the vessel, strike the fuses, and then, with the cutter, escape by rapid pulling to the waiting gun boats—hoping to get beyond range before the explosion came.

What happened to defeat this plan is not known. The enemy discovering the mysterious craft coming on toward their anchorage opened on her. From the *Siren*'s deck the anxious watchers beheld a lantern passing along as if on a vessel's deck; but it quickly sunk from view. After a few moments up rose the mast and sails of a vessel—high in air, as if from a volcano beneath; the whole harbor was lit with a lurid glow; an awful roar, and then all was still as if the waters had opened and swallowed up everything on their surface.

Long and with the keenest anxiety the gun-boats out in the harbor's mouth waited, showing signal lights; guns were fired to direct the expected cutter; but no cutter ever came: not a soul of all who manned and directed the fire-ship ever was seen again. Thirteen shockingly mangled corpses were picked up on the wreck, in the cutter and along the beach, and three were selected from the number, by American prisoners in the town, as officers, to be given separate burial. And that was all.

It was never ascertained how the explosion occurred. That Somers did not blow up his vessel, to prevent her falling into the Turks' possession, as he had announced to his friends, he would do, if the necessity came, is pretty certain, for by the light of the explosion it was proven that no boarders were near; the mine was alone on the water. And that the mine was not fired by accident is assured from the precautions taken and the trained hands who managed the craft. The only other solution, and the most probable one, is that the enemy's shot did the work.

Thus ended the career of one of the most gallant men who ever trod the deck of an American ship, and his tragic death casts a halo around his young life that makes the name of Richard Somers one of the most treasured in the annals of our naval service.

The melancholy end of John Templeton Shubrick associates his name with that of Somers. He was eldest of four brothers who served most honorably in our navy—Commodore William B. Shubrick being the second of the four. They were South Carolinians by birth—their father having won an enviable fame in the Revolution. John was educated in Dedham, Massachusetts, but returned to Charleston in 1804 to pursue the study of the law; but both John and William were so in line to the sea that their father procured them commissions as midshipmen—their warrants being dated in August, 1806.

His sea career was, almost from its infancy, one of exciting interest. His first ship was the *Chesapeake*, of 36 guns, Capt. Gordon; but sailing under Commodore Barron in person, for the Mediterranean station, she encountered the English frigate *Leopard*, of 50 guns, and was captured after firing but one gun—a most insolent attack and humiliating defeat, considering that a state of war did not prevail with Great Britain, owing to Mr. Jefferson's peculiar timidity about resenting the arrogance and effrontery of the English. Barron was deprived of command pending his trial by court-martial when Decatur took the *Chesapeake*, but Shubrick soon passed to the little brig *Argus*, for a twenty months' coast service; then he was assigned to the old *United States* frigate, with Decatur for commodore. But, becoming challenger in an "affair of honor" with a brother officer, Decatur ordered Shubrick to another vessel of the squadron, the *Viper*, as acting lieutenant—John then being but twenty-two years of age. In 1811 he was transferred to the *Siren* as first lieutenant. In 1812 he joined the old *Constitution* frigate, under Captain (afterward Commodore) Hull, as fifth lieutenant.

Soon there ensued the memorable affair of the chase of the frigate by five English vessels (July 17th), in which the American escaped by the admirable devices of her officers, after three days and nights of incessant effort. In August the *Constitution* met the *Guerriere*, and after a severe combat captured her and bore her into Boston. There Bainbridge took command, and by a redispotion of officers Shubrick became her third lieutenant. Under Bainbridge (as already noted) the *Constitution* ran for the English islands off the coast of South America, where he encountered, and, after a very obstinate battle of two and a half hours, captured the English frigate *Java*.

In all these affairs Shubrick bore a prominent part, and was voted a lucky man; the ship he sailed in was sure to have "luck;" so Lawrence, then commanding the *Hornet*, in the same waters, solicited and obtained Bain-

bridge's consent for Shubrick's transfer to the *Hornet*, as first lieutenant.

The "good luck" came, for the *Hornet* fought and took the *Peacock* after a sharp and murderous fight of fifteen minutes (Feb. 24th, 1813) in which Shubrick greatly enhanced his already good repute—making three great actions within eight months in which he has participated without receiving a scratch.

He next went again with Decatur, in the *United States*, but that vessel being blockaded by the English squadron, in the *Thames*, Decatur took the frigate *President*, bearing his own officers with him. This fine ship put to sea January 14th, 1815, and that very evening fell in with an English squadron of three frigates and a razee. A long chase resulted. The *President* was brought to quarters by the heavier frigate *Endymion*, and a most bloody action followed, both ships suffering severely. The Englishman was left so crippled to pursue, when the *President*, trying to escape the rest of the squadron which now came up, was compelled to strike. In this sanguinary affair three of the *President*'s lieutenants were killed but Shubrick again escaped unharmed, as did also his younger brother, Irvine, a midshipman on the American frigate.

Peace with Great Britain soon succeeded; but the Algerines becoming offensive, Decatur, with a powerful squadron, was dispatched to the Mediterranean to whip the corsairs into terms. In the flag-ship, *Guerriere*, went Shubrick as his first lieutenant. June 17th the Algerine admiral, with two fine ships, was encountered, and after a sharp action was taken. In this action one of the *Guerriere*'s guns burst, blowing up the spar deck and killing and wounding forty persons, but Shubrick, as usual, escaped, wholly unharmed.

This capture was followed by Decatur's descent on Algiers city, where he dictated a treaty which ended that war. This treaty was given to Shubrick to bear to the United States, and he sailed, in command of the *Epervier*, from Algiers, early in July (1815). He passed Gibraltar July 10th, and then to sea; since which time not a trace of the vessel or her crew. She sunk at sea, and every soul on board perished.

Shubrick's "good luck" thus ended in a sorrowful eclipse, and in the master commandant our navy lost one of its brightest spirits and most promising officers. Down with him went a number of brave souls—several of them being of distinguished merit.

Oh, what a graveyard is the bottom of the sea!

A WOMAN'S WAY.

I believe if I should die,
And you should kiss my eyelids when I lie,
Cold, dead, and dumb to all the world around,
The folded arms would open at my breast,
And in its folds in the arms of death,
Life would come gladly back along my veins.

I believe if I were dead,
And you upon my lifeless heart should tread,
Not knowing what the poor cold clasp meant to be,
It would find under your foot beneath the touch
Of him it ever loved in life so much,
And thro' again, warm, tender, true to these.

I believe if I should fade
Into those mystic realms where light is made,
And you should long once more my face to see,
I would come forth upon the hills of night,
And gather stars like fagots full of light,
Led by the beacon blaze, fell full on me.

I believe my faith in thee,
Strong as my life, so nobly placed to be,
It would as soon expect to see the sun
Fall like a dead king from his high sublime,
His glory stricken from the throne of time,
As these unworthy the worship thou hast won.

I believe who has not loved
Hath half the treasure of his life unproved;
Like one who, with the grape within his grasp,
Drops it with all its crimson juice unexpressed,
And all its luscious sweetness left unguessed
Out from his careless and unheeding clasp.

I believe love, pure and true,
Is to the soul a sweet, immortal dew;
That gems best pearls in its hours of dusk;
The waiting angels see and recognize
The rich crown-jewel, love, of paradise,
When life falls from us like a withered husk.

The Girl Rivals;

OR,

THE WAR OF HEARTS.

BY CORINNE CUSHMAN,

AUTHOR OF "BLACK EYES AND BLUE," "BRAVE BARBARA," "HUNTED BRIDE," ETC.

CHAPTER XVIII.

WHAT THE FARMER FOUND.

RUTH FLETCHER remained in a very critical state. Had her mind been at ease, the physician said, her youth and health would have carried her triumphantly on, over all the exhaustion of her long illness; but nothing could be worse for her than the excitement, intense and terrible, of the swiftly-approaching trial. It was the fear, both of the doctor and her parents, that if this did not kill her outright, it would be the means of making her insane, so great was the nervous excitement so dangerous in her weakened condition.

All reference to the trial was forbidden in the family, and she was kept more or less under the influence of nerves, but she would coax her brother David into her room or out under the trees of the lawn, and would talk to him by the hour about it, and he would not dare to forbid it, because he plainly saw, boy though he was, that it was a relief to her strained nerves.

Ruth took great comfort also in the company of little Mrs. Lovelace. Mrs. Fletcher congratulated herself every day that she had not refused to take in the sweet little lady whose society was such a solace to her unhappy child.

It would have been a strange sight to any one acquainted with the history of both, to see these two girls together, Mildred leaning with to go over, for the hundredth time, every day and hour of her acquaintance with this school-master, whose advent in that quiet village had led to such disasters.

How like a thunderbolt from heaven would it have been to Ruth herself, had she been told that this beautiful stranger, who listened with such eagerness to her too-willing story of her brief heart-afair with the teacher, was the wife of that man!

Wan, wide-eyed, smileless, the pale widow listened to these reminiscences from the lips of one as pale, as wan, as heart-broken as herself.

And now we must go back and learn, in brief, what had happened to poor Mildred after she sunk fainting to earth, under the cold light of the pitiless moon, on the green bank of the "silent river."

A market-gardener was on his way to Boston with a covered wagon loaded with some of the

produce of his little farm. Twice a week he was accustomed to take this night-ride of fourteen miles so as to arrive at the city market, and secure his place among others on the streets adjoining as early as four o'clock. On this occasion Mr. Ezekiel Brads had with him his son, a strapping youth of two-and-twenty, who aided him in the cultivation of vegetables and small fruit, and the care of half a dozen cows. This son was named Ezekiel, too, after his father; he was long, light-colored, awkward and smart, and earned all the bread he ate and more besides.

Well, Ezekiel the younger, getting tired of riding on the sheepskin which covered the board seat on the truck-wagon, jumped out, beheld on what trifles, seeming accidents, great events are often suspended!—on the road-side at the far edge of the field into which Mildred had wandered, and told his father he would "stretch his legs"—as if they were not long enough already!—by taking a cross-cut along the river path which would bring him out, half a mile further on, to the road again, by the time the father arrived at that point. Thus it chanced that in striding along in his small edition of seven-league boots, looking at the lovely golden ripples on the river, and humming to himself, with a thought of some dairy-maid arising at his moonlit surroundings:

"The rose is red, the violet's blue,
Sugar is sweet, and so are you!"

he stumbled over the little figure lying prone in the dewy grass. Picking himself up, he stared a moment at the pale face upturned to the moonlight, and fled for his father, gasping out, when he reached the wagon, "that there was a girl, as handsome as a picture, lying dead in the grass by the water's side."

Meantime, the blow in her side, which Ezekiel Brads' foot had given her, had partially aroused Mildred, and she was struggling to sit up when the two men came back to her.

"What on airth's the row?" asked the elder, of the bewildered girl, who pushed her golden hair from her forehead, and looked up at them in a dazed manner.

"Anybody been a-hurting you, miss?" persevered the farmer.

"I don't know, sir. Where am I?"

"You ain't exactly where a gal of your age oughter be at this time o' night—out in a field by the Charles River."

"Oh, sir, I remember now. I was so tired and thirsty, and I tried to get to the water, but I fainted away."

"You ain't been a-doing nothin' wrong, my gal, I hope?" observed the farmer, not unkindly, but a little suspicious.

Mildred raised her eyes to the pure, glorious heavens, and two tears brightened in them, as she said, solemnly:

"No, no; as God is my witness, no! It is not I, sir, who have done wrong. I have gotten into this trouble by breaking away from those who have tried to injure me. Oh, sir, what can a poor orphan girl, so young, and without friends, do, when men are so cruel and wicked?"

"It's hard lines for her, I'll allow," answered the farmer, while Ezekiel felt, somehow, almost ready to do what he called "blubber."

"Where do you belong, young lady?" continued Mr. Brads, senior.

"In Boston, sir."

"All right. Come, I'll take you home. I'm goin' that way, myself; if you can put up with a market-wagon, miss. Ezekiel, why don't you spring an' kinder help her along? Don't yer see, she's about used up? Shall I take yer home, miss? 'Twill be quite the safest way for you to get there?"

"Thank you," said Mildred, rising, with the young man's help.

Father and son took her by the arms and led her gently along to the wagon, where the patient horses were awaiting their arrival.

"You can walk, Ezekiel," said the father, as they lifted the light little stranger to a seat on the sheep-skin.

"Yes, dad."

But the intruder seemed so distressed at compelling such a thing as that, that Ezekiel finally reluctantly seated himself beside her; and, indeed, the girlish form made no great usurpation of the broad seat: all three were comfortable, and the farmer insisted on the girl's having him overcoat—which he always took with him, even in June, on these night-rides—placed over her damp muslin dress.

The heavily-laden wagon rattled slowly through the silent streets of Cambridge, along the road, and rumbled over the bridge straight on toward the sleeping city, now buried in the deepest repose of the twenty-four hours.

Mildred, too nearly dead with cold and fatigue to feel the acute pangs of the evening, was carried forward in a sort of listless dream, until, on their near approach to the city, the farmer turned to her and said:

"Tell me the street and the number, and I will take you home before I go into the market."

Then yesterday's mortal fear and dread preyed again on Mildred.

"Home! Alas, word eloquent of comfort and protection to happier girls—what did it mean to her? She could not return to Miss Appleton's. To her exaggerated imagination, excited by the threats of Brummell Pomeroy, it seemed certain she must have gone straight to Miss Appleton with some false story of her character which would make that lady repel her, with ignominy, from her house. She was mortally afraid of Pomeroy, having had such a glimpse into the dark side of his character as made her dread worse things from his revenge. She wanted to get away from all these people, for a little while, anyway. After rousing herself to think over the situation, she said, in a low, sad voice:

"I have no home!"

"No home?"

"No, sir. I am an orphan, and poor. I was living with one of the first ladies of the city as a companion; but a bad man has slandered me to her, and I am afraid to go back to her. I know something very bad about him, and he wants to marry this rich young lady, and he is afraid that I will tell her the bad thing he did. Oh, sir, if you will take me home with you, where I shall be bidden and safe, I will do enough to earn my keeping, I know."

"Yeou? What can a little lady like you do in a rough farmer's house? Make butter—milk cows—scrub floors, I reckon? hay?" and he laughed at his own wit.

"No, sir. But I can do some things. Have you any small children—any girls? I can teach them almost anything they care to study. I can give them music-lessons. And I can sew. Just try me, sir, and you will see that I can earn my keeping about your house."

"Dad, you jest take her," spoke up Ezekiel, decidedly.

"Wall, she can go home with us, and we'll see what mother says about it," and so it was settled.

Ezekiel had picked up Mildred's hat out of the field, and she pulled this down over her face as

they made their way through the crowds of teams already crowding the market.

"If you're so bashful, miss, you can sit way back in the wagon, after I've took out them baskets o' greens an' berries," and Mildred was glad to shrink further out of sight. Here, after an hour of business, during which he disposed of his truck, Mr. Brads brought her a large cupful of coffee and a roll.

Then, not long after the early summer sunrise, they left the city and made their way out into the country road. Mildred was feverish now, instead of being chilly, as she had been; the cool morning air felt delicious to her burning cheeks and lips; the world sparkled with dew, the birds were in ecstasies of song, and as even Cambridge was left behind and they got out into the midst of fields and farms, a sense of safety and repose came over her tired heart.

They arrived at the old stone farm-house in time for a late but excellent breakfast to which the two men did justice. Mrs. Brads received the new-comer with chilling reserve; she did not fancy having a city girl to "wait upon," and she was certain sure—as she told Mr. Brads privately—that there was something wrong about "that chit." However, she would not turn her off that day,—she wasn't so unchristian as that! Result, having tried out Mildred one day, she tried her seven, and having had a week, she began to wonder how she had ever got along without her.

The little thing was "wonderful handy." She could do no hard work—had never seen a cow milked and had no idea about butter; but she gave Sabrina lessons on her new guitar and taught her all kinds of fancy needlework; and—more pleasing still to the mother's vanity—she gave "an air" to Sabrina's dresses and hats and taught her to put up her hair as the ladies of Boston wore it. Then she had such a sweet voice, nothing rested Mrs. Brads so after a hard day's work like sitting out on the stoop while Mildred sung lovely airs to the accompaniment of that new guitar. And Mildred trimmed Mrs. Brads' bonnet up in the most stylish manner, without going to a cent's expense, and embroidered a cover to the parlor arm-chair that was wearing out. Why, as Mrs. Brads said, "the morsel that child ate, and the three glasses of fresh milk a day she drank, wa'n't nothin' at all to the comfort she was around the house, and makin' Sabrina's manners so much more genteel, besides."

And so the summer wore away, and Mildred, though she pined in spirit in that rude household, yet had many hours to herself when she could take her embroidery and steal down to the spring in the orchard or out to the haystack in the meadow, or up in the green, murmuring woods, and sit and dream the one long, endless dream of love and Otis Garner.

Then came the golden autumn and the hazy Indian Summer. And with every week that passed the fairy Mildred grew more lovely. Sad at heart as she was, this could not prevent country air and country cream and autumn fruit from brightening her violet eyes and making her delicate cheeks glow with a peachy bloom.

The longing to make one more desperate effort to see Otis was becoming uncontrollable when an incident happened which hastened her departure from the kind shelter which had opened to her at the hour of need. Ezekiel plucked up courage to declare his love and to beg her to marry him. So blind to his infatuation had she been that his avowal was a complete surprise; and out of gratitude to the family who had taken her on trust she had to soften her refusal by the explanation that she was already married.

"Snuff and sneezers!" groaned Ezekiel, looking at her in mingled despair and astonishment, "who would 'a' thunk it! A little mite of a critter like you, married!"

"I am, Ezekiel; but please don't tell anybody."

"Wall it's a bargain. If you won't say nothin' about my poppin' to you, I won't say nothin' about your bein' married. But I do swow you orter 'a' told on it sooner—before you broke my heart, boo, hoo," and the long-legged young fellow actually wept.

"But I never thought of—this, Ezekiel."

"Never mind, now. I don't blame you much. Let's keep it to ourselves, Miss Mildred," and so they settled it.

Next market-day Mildred rode to town with the farmer; he insisted on it that she had earned wages in his family and paid her ten dollars before they parted. With that, and what she had in her purse the June day when she left Miss Appleton's, Mildred took the apartment in which her mother had died, certain that her enemies must have ceased to look there for her long before this.

Here she lived, seldom venturing on the street, through November and a part of December, doing needlework for a fancy store, and half-starving herself; but never sending to Miss Appleton's for her trunks or bank-book; clothing herself in a cheap dark calico and woolen shawl. It was about the middle of December that she was looking over, one evening—for want of something better to do—the old newspaper which came wrapped about her bundle of work; and on the inside page of which her eye was caught by the name, Otis.

The article containing the name was of a personal character, stating that Mr. Otis, a Bostonian and Harvard graduate, had been engaged to teach the District School No. 3. It spoke very highly of him as an accomplished young gentleman who would be sure to prove a great favorite. Even before she finished reading it there came over Mildred a feeling of certainty that this was her husband. Either pride, or the desire to conceal himself from her, or some other motive, had induced him to drop the family name. It was all as clear to her as day; and before she laid her head on her pillow that night she had penned to this Henry Otis, School District No. 3, Pentucket, the brief letter of love and entreaty, which we have seen the schoolmaster reading, by the red freight of Farmstead's sitting-room, a few days before the Christmas and its tragedy.

CHAPTER XIX.

WOOING AND THREATENING.

No answer came to that timid but passionate appeal. Day after day poor Mildred sat sewing, startling and trembling at every sound, thinking that the postman was at the door with a letter, or, more joyful yet, that her husband himself had come.

At that time she took courage to write a note to Miss Appleton, without her address, asking that her trunks may be sent to the express office. This was done, and she obtained them from there without betraying her own residence.

Then, out of these trunks, she took one of the beautiful dresses and the pearls and ornaments, and would dress herself and curl her lovely glittering gold hair, and sit waiting, busying her fingers with her embroidery and her heart with hopes.

Otis Garner did not come. Weeks dragged along. One of the Pentucket papers again came wrapped about her work. She knew it and scanned it eagerly. Oh misery! oh horror!

horrors! there in its crumpled columns was a long account of the tragedy on the ice on Christmas night.

Long, long did the poor girl droop in her chair over the fatal record, insensible to all the sorrow that it brought.

And after that there was a long, weary blank of weeks and months, during which she moved about, worked, ate and slept and lived—but what a pale, ghostly mockery of life! No mother to comfort her—no friend to speak a pitying word. This was the time when she first used her bank-book to draw out enough money to provide herself with the mourning which she thought proper to put on. She sent, also, under her name of Lovelace, a subscription to the paper in which she read the murder, and from time to time, he read it about the murder, and so knew when the trial was to come off. All this time she had no positive proof that the murdered schoolmaster was Otis Garner; yet she was certain of it as if she had been with the killing-party that fatal night.

A strange feeling, for which she could not account, moved her, as the time of the trial approached, to go to Pentucket, so as to be there when it came off.

The name of Ruth Fletcher had not escaped the newspapers, and Mildred felt an intense, jealous desire to see the girl with whom her husband had been so friendly. Thus, on reaching the village, the first move was to inquire out the residence of the Fletchers, after which she went there determined to ask them to take her into their family for the summer.

After meeting Ruth, tender-hearted little Mildred could only pity her; pity her even while wildly jealous of her because she had once been Otis's favorite. She soon won the confidence of the country maiden, who confessed to her all that had ever passed between herself and Mr. Otis.

"I thought he loved me, because he was always so polite and gallant and said so many pleasant things to me," Ruth had told her, with flushing cheeks and downcast eyes. "But now, I do not think he has cared for me—it was just his way to be flattering and attentive. And the ring!—you see, I took it for granted that he had given it to me, and allowed him to see that I thought so, and that I was pleased. And then I found out that Jasper had given it! It was dreadful—no, only that I was so disappointed, but so mortified! I was humiliated and angry, and I poured out my wrath on poor Jasper, who was not to blame, and flung his ring away in the most contemptuous manner. No wonder one so proud and quick-tempered as Jasper should have been maddened by my conduct! Oh, Miss Lovelace, I am the one to blame for everything! At first I was wild with anger at Jasper because he had done that terrible thing. But now, I am only sorry for him. I feel that the fault and the sin are mine. If I could put myself in Jasper's place, and receive the punishment, I would gladly do it. But now, just think! I must appear against him—utter words which perhaps will be the very ones to convict him."

In this strain, poor Ruth, the shadow of her once bright self, would pour out her heart to Mildred; until, before the trial came off, the girl-wife had no feeling except one of compassion for the foolish, broken-hearted school-girl.

Court opened on the 21st of June, and the case of the State against Jasper Judson was to be called the following day. Ruth was ill in bed all the first day, greatly prostrated and greatly excited, so that her friends feared for her. The wretched girl—far, far more unhappy than even the pale-faced Mildred whom she begged to remain by her side, and who had held her hand hour after hour, and who might have dropped into a troubled sleep, the effect of an opiate, and Mildred sitting on the lawn for a breath of fresh air. The sun was setting as she went out; its level rays of gold struck under the elms and lighted up her sad face with their own glory.

She, too, was terribly unnerved by what was coming, and she walked about under the trees for a long time, and finally wandered down to the gate, where she stood, gazing at the faint bars of pink and orange which lay along the twilight horizon, when, as suddenly as if he had risen out of the earth in front of her, some one confronted her on the other side of the gate.

"Mr. Pomeroy!"
"At your service, Mrs. Lovelace—that is your name now, is it not? Please do not run away," grasping one of her hands which was resting on the gate, and holding it by main force. "I want to speak to you about this affair which absorbs the attention of the village. You came here about that, did you not? The murdered man was my friend and your husband, was he not?"

"Why do you ask? Why do you speak to me, who despise you?"
"I saw and recognized you on the porch the day I took refuge here from the thunder-storm. The moment I saw you, it somehow flashed over me what you were here for. It is too bad—quite a dreadful shock! Poor Otis! the most gallant and gay of all the club—what an end for a fellow like him! Are you certain about it, little Mildred?"

"I am absolutely certain, Mr. Pomeroy. I have seen the handwriting of this Mr. Otis, and his name, and I knew both. Will you let go of my hand?"

"Certainly. But I beg of you to remain a moment longer. I feel dreadfully about this thing—I do, indeed. Otis was a fine fellow. I am sorry for you, too. I want to ask your forgiveness for all my bad conduct to you, to say that I sincerely repent of it—that I have reformed all my bad habits, and that I intend leading the right kind of a life hereafter. Can you be generous enough to forgive me?"

"Did you follow me from Boston to ask that question?"

"No. I swear to you, Mildred, I had not the least idea of where you were or what had become of you, until I saw you sitting on that porch."

"I wish I could believe you, Mr. Pomeroy, but the word of a man who has done what you have done is hardly credible."

"I came to Pentucket with a party of friends who are stopping at the hotel. I did not dream of your being here, nor of this calamity which brought you, until I saw you last week. Since you are here, I felt constrained to come and assure you of my sympathy and ask your pardon for the past."

"If you are sincere, I grant it. But I do not want you to speak to me again."

"That is a strange quality of forgiveness, Mildred. You might better withhold a boon so ungracious. Mildred, you have seen the worst side of my character; but there is a better side to it. You were so lovely, so beyond all other girls fair and winning, so charming in your loneliness, deserted by one who ought to have thanked Heaven for such a treasure, that I felt desperately in love with you, despite of the fact that it was wicked to do so. Let that go. Forgive it—forget it. I love you still. I cannot believe that you mourn

very deeply for one who wedded you on a wager, and who was a stranger to you, and kept himself a stranger. You never had any opportunity to love Otis Garner—he never gave you any. But you are loving and dependent by nature. The wealth of your affection will be a rich gift to some man. Give it to me. You are free now to choose for yourself and to marry your choice. Come, let me atone for my past sin. Let me be your true, fond, devoted lover. Promise me that when all this trouble is over, you will be my little wife."

He had pushed open the gate and was standing beside her, looking at her earnestly and respectfully, not attempting to touch her. A flash of scorn and almost mirth passed over the lovely face into which he gazed.

"Mr. Pomeroy, has Miss Appleton refused you?"

"Twenty times. She knew that I was after her money. But I love you, little Mildred. I am willing to work for you. I would not do that for Miss Appleton, splendid as she is. I am trying to reform from all my sins—for a time—flirting, and all the rest. What could work such a change in me but true love, little one? Tell me that I may hope to restore myself to your favor—that you will sometime marry the man whose memory of your virtues caused him to repent of his bad life."

"I will marry you as soon as you convince me that you have experienced a change of heart, Mr. Hypocrite Pomeroy," responded Milla, with all the contempt she could compress into a few words. "I do not understand your game, but I do know you well enough to understand that you must have some sinister motive in playing the angel to me. I could sooner believe that Satan had 'reformed' than you, sir! and with a gesture of scorn she turned and went rapidly toward the house."

"Venomous little serpent!" I will tread you under my heel before I allow you to sting me! You will never be satisfied, you little Puritan, until you have ruined my prospects. I must find a way to make you harmless," and, burning with rage, Brummell made his way back to the village, conscious that he had failed to propitiate Mildred, who might now, any day, meet Miss Appleton and betray to her the part he was playing to secure a fortune.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 367.)

MATRIMONIAL INCOMPATIBILITY.

A thin little fellow had such a fat wife,
Fat wife, fat wife,
God bless her!
She looked like a drum and she looked like a life,
And it took all his money to dress her.
God bless her!
To dress her!
God bless her!
To dress her!

To wrap up her body and warm up her toes,
Fat toes, fat toes,
God keep her!
For bonnets and bows and silken clothes,
To eat her, and drink her, and sleep her.
God keep her!
To drink her!
And keep her!
And sleep her!

She grew like a target; he grew like a sword,
A sword—a sword—God spare her!
She took all the bed and she took all the board,
And it took a whole sofa to bear her.
God spare her!
To bear her!
God spare her!
To bear her!

She spread like a turtle; he shrunk like a pike,
A pike—a pike—God spare him!
And nobody ever beheld the like,
For they had to wear glasses to shave him.
God spare him!
To shave him!
God spare him!
To shave him!

She fattened away till she bursted one day,
Exploded—blew up—God take her!
And all the people that saw it say:
She covered over an acre!
God take her!
An acre!
God take her!
An acre!

The Red Cross;

OR,

The Mystery of Warren-Guilerland.
A ROMANCE OF THE ACCURSED COINS.

BY GRACE MORTIMER.

CHAPTER XLIII.

BUBBLE CASTLES.

Kool had himself named the eleventh of the month for the wedding day, partly because he did not choose to encounter the dismayed remonstrances of his boy, who too plainly read, with a savage remorse, his marriage to the other sister, partly because he saw an excellent opportunity of teaching the fair bride, in the very outset, how far behind the boy she was so anxious to ruin was she herself in the consideration of her bridegroom. Kool intended to decline going a single step of marriage tour, and a graceful excuse was his when his young charge's illness was announced the previous evening, and Kool absented himself as usual to attend him.

This time, however, fearful of being obliged to neglect him if he took him as was his usual custom, away to another house, Kool merely locked him up in the Brunswick, a suite of three rooms for Theford's temporary occupation, and putting the key in his pocket, presented himself to become the husband of the lady whom he was marrying to circumvent.

Crystal had ever vowed that her wedding should be an event to be spoken about for the remainder of the lives of all who were fortunate enough to witness it. She had been at no end of trouble to harpoon two or three additional fish to struggle (in flattering exhibition of their infatuation and her fascinations), whilst she affected to select, at the last moment, the one she elected to honor.

What stratagems, what ingenuities, what curious shrewd precision and purpose had culminated in Crystal's grand triumph!

No one could have guessed by what miracle these other three men, all passably intelligent and proud of their world-wisdom, had consented to let her make such fools of them; nor how it was that they did not spoil her hour of glory by betraying the anger and contempt which surely must have ramped hotly in their breasts when she thus publicly paraded them, and chose over their heads a man whom none of them had ever seen before. Likely each man did enough swearing afterward to meet all future emergencies, however insulting; but at the moment, doubtless the masculine horror of making a scene held them mute, and forced them through the ridiculous exhibition of themselves with as much dignity as was possible under the circumstances. Indeed, each disappointed suitor declared afterward, with many oaths, that he was contemptibly entrapped into coming there in the character of a candidate for the lady's hand; that she severely told each that he alone had any cause to be present,

and that the other gentlemen whom he would probably meet in the wedding morn were poor, infatuated creatures who would not take her answer "no," and hoped to force her into wedlock by their insane persistence. Kool alone she confided the truth to; "she wished to do him the highest honor in her power; he had unfortunately been seen in the humble position of servant to her sister's husband; now she, who held him above all men, wished to show forth unto the world her mighty opinion of him, by publicly choosing him as her husband over the heads of several excellent matches, whom she was refusing for his sake." Kool grinned diabolically as soon as he had respectfully kissed the tips of her fingers and closed the door upon her wizen, elated face.

"This her last chance for a little glorification," mused he; "what cruelty to deny it her! Let her strut and inflate her poor little borrowed feathers once more, soon enough they shall be but the russet plumes of indigent obscurity."

Of course numberless hints of something unique in the Englishwoman's marriage had been floating among the fashionables who had received invitations to it, and expectation was all a tip-toe; hence the throngs, the sensations, the grandeur of the presents—for who was going to allow his card to appear beside a Britannia-metal napkin-ring, when all the world was sure to be there to admire his munificence and taste, as seen in a one-hundred dollar bouquet, the useless cavity of which was crammed with playful little conceits in precious metals of gold—simple gold in variations, as it were, vert, dead, composite, and so on. So the gentlemen's plate and jewelry were so varied and costly as to have furnished half a column of ecstasies in the *Herald*, the ladies' lace, satin toys and lingerie, another quarter column of incomprehensible eloquence; the floral display was said by flatterers to recall the wonderful profusion of these same ornaments at the funeral of A. T. Stewart; the well-treated local reporter who was permitted to wander at will through this festive scene, repeatedly assured those whom he was able to interview, "upon his word as a gentleman," that of all the innumerable affairs of the kind he had attended, this was the finest, as to beauty of the bride, distinction of the bridegroom, regal munificence of the wedding gifts, loveliness and splendor of the ladies and their toilettes, and importance, politically and socially, of the gentlemen. And he said the same in the next morning's paper, with commentaries attached, and a very stately and suggestive narrative of the fascinating dilemma, among her host of eager lovers, so gracefully ended by her choice of the most illustrious, and doubtless, the wealthiest of them all. And so unique was the episode, and so high-sounding the titles with which it was enriched, that, like all things retailed, it became adulterated as it changed hands, augmented and intensified in peculiarity and daring, until it took on the importance almost of a national event; the great illustrated paper of the day in London noticed the matter in an editorial, besides setting its artists to sketching the salient points; so that in due time little, ugly Crystal, who had sighed so passionately for notoriety, could read a wonderful issue of lies, with a terrible substratum of truth, about how she had won an exiled prince of a house supposed to have become extinct twenty years ago with the death of the brave commander, Eric of Schloss Ruber; and she could look at herself in various interesting scenes, standing with arms sensationally outstretched on her raised platform, with her suitors kneeling before her, herself glorified to regal height and a sultana-like redundancy of charms, the platform into a sort of catafalque upon the top of which she attitudinized like Marc Antony before the Roman mob, and the suitors into a good sized class of at least nine, and the picture represented her, as the artist conceived, how she ought to have looked at the altar, giving her hand and heart to the illustrious individual she so wildly had loved during all the vicissitudes of his exile—with this said hero looking as suitably "spoony" as blonde hair, and a great deal of it, a tall, slim, fashion-plate figure, and an execrably adoring droop could make him; another as she entered the carriage after the breakfast, in a distracting toilette, from the arms of her weeping mother and numerous brothers and sisters, to hasten away with her adored on the first stage of the wedding trip, which was boldly stated to be as unique as the marriage itself, and to take China and the arctic regions on the way.

And if poor Princess Schlessbuck could extract any pleasure out of these echoes of her thunder-storm, who could grudge it! Although to be sure even she was obliged to wish she hadn't been so popular when an indignant protest came from the foreign government of which the deceased prince had been an honored and endeared leader and antagonist, happily gone to a better world, and not desired back again personally or by proxy; and the English papers coldly reiterated what they had been pleased to publish at the time as facts, obtained by them at enormous expense from their own infallible, omniscient, ubiquitous and special correspondents.

And the American papers, smelling through all this official buckram an insufferable attempt to belittle the republic by throwing discredit on anything she had chosen to say, rushed vehemently into print and asseveration; and then fell crushing silence, and came a brief, awful bulletin to the horrified Kool through the insulted nation's consul, warning him that although the laws between nations might be inadequate to the occasion, agencies could do everything; so, for him, obscurity and silence would be an anticipation of events.

But this is an unimportant episode.

As the bride and bridegroom passed out of the little chamber they brushed past Berthold and Cordelia, who were standing at the table looking at the wedding presents. Kool glanced keenly at the German. Had he overheard anything of the interview in there? Surely not; surely the subdued buzz of many voices, and the soft ebb and flow of the procession of wedding guests filing into the room and out again, had covered the muffled tones of the young couple as they had exchanged confidences. But Kool recalled the sensitiveness of the German's perceptions, and somehow felt a passing uneasiness. Indeed, it seemed impossible for Herman to have been conscious of anything save the subject in hand. He had been conversing with Cordelia the whole five minutes they had paused before the table—the limit, prolonged as it had appeared in recording it—of that notable bridal *dénouement*. But, he had overheard quite enough to indicate the whole matter to him. Several of the German's senses chanced to be abnormally acute. We have noted his "second sight" hearing was another gift that he possessed in unusual proportion. While murmuring away in unbroken converse with his dear comrade Cordelia, he had followed the conversation on the other side of the curtain, Cordelia never hearing even a distinct word.

The wedding breakfast passed splendidly, and about three of the afternoon the guests were all gone. Kool had calmly announced in his speech that "there would be no wedding trip, since he could not leave the bedside of his 'master,'" (he distinctly said "master,") the Baron of Warren-Guilerland. And everybody had gaped in wonderment, and had then smiled admiring amusement at the eccentric humility of the great man, who perversely tried to make them believe that he had ever been "really, you know," the baron's servant. Of course the baron knew all the time who he was, and was far more likely to be his servant than Kool his. And in the gentle flutter of pleased interest the bride's tight anguished smile was overlooked and the burning embarrassment of her family attributed to the wrong causes.

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For the first time in her life Crystal was drowned in meditation, and utterly unconscious of herself—that is, of her poor little outer corporeal husk; she was conscious enough of her spirit, which, like a bud long parched, was beginning to swell and germinate under the fruitifying showers of the tears she had shed. She forgot to look "how she was looking" in the strip of mirror which reflected her figure crouching on a sofa in all the fumbled splendor of her carefully-contrived wedding dress; she was only conscious of the quiverings and writhings of her inner being, as she strove to comprehend the full meaning of the event which had happened to her that day. Her little yellow cheeks were blistered with the salt, salt tears, her eyes swollen and her nose red and glistening; Crystal never looked very inviting or "kissable" at any time, but when she cried she looked positively revolting, abject, and disagreeable, and never inspired the slightest sympathy. The same when she awoke in the morning; some women look enchanting in the natural dishevel of bed, with their eyes opening wide, as bright as diamonds, and their cheeks exquisitely flushed from sleep, their crumpled draperies falling away from rosy limbs, and rounded curves of blue-veined ivory, and their hair floating dark and wild; but Crystal only looked slovenly, squalid, unwashed and greasy, and her spare locks, as they flew idly about her yellow ears and over her nose and eyes, suggested nothing more romantic than fluttering tow. She was one of the unfortunates who require all the adjuncts of civilization, namely, cleanliness, neatness, and so on, of spirit, to disguise the ugliness which was hers by nature, when that nature was undressed, and she was just clever enough to know it, and to refrain from inflicting herself in all her native hideousness upon a suffering family (as it seems the infatuation of most ugly girls to do); so it was indeed a keener stab, and duty felt, when her husband of half a dozen hours, having stepped into the *salon* in search of a book to read aloud to his invalid, catching sight of the unwholesome spectacle upon the sofa, gazed fixedly for a few blasting moments, then approaching to within an inch of her, and gravely taking his cambric handkerchief from his pocket to press it with insulting significance to his nostrils, said, in measured tones:

"Madam, all the women who marry Kools are expected to be pleasing in their eyes; if they fail, they are taught better, and when they come with all their arts to please, they are discarded."

And with a mock bow, and cruel expression of disgust, he left her. Crystal sat up trembling, and noticed herself for the first time in the mirror. She was indeed a terrible fright. She had never abandoned herself to any emotion before, and she had certainly never before been so pitifully revealed to herself as at this hour of humiliation. Ugly indeed! And oh, had she not even the wisdom she had ascribed so lavishly to herself, to redeem her ugliness!

She felt that destiny had played her a cruel trick; she scarcely wondered to see how poor a creature she really was, having suffered such unbargained-for pain and shame. She went, bowed with fresh distress, to her dressing-room, where the smart new lady's-maid sat waiting to adorn her mistress for the adoring attentions of her bridegroom, and seeing at once the effect produced by the miserable vision of the mistress who brought a tear-disfigured visage to her, she was dismissed, and the bride rode off her useless wedding finery, did her best to restore what cleanliness belonged to her person, redressed in a soft, prettily garnished, and her hair as simply and girlishly arranged as she could; and then she walked back to the mirror, and defiantly examined herself.

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Had little excuse to meddle with romance. You might have known better than to chance your fortunes on the effect produced by your baglike face! Well, I'll be a fool no longer," she muttered, turning doggedly to march up and down the room. "Let me only get hold of this—of this—that he is so anxious to hide, and oh—"

And she panted with gathering excitement, and threw herself with reckless abandon into the hope of getting the best of Kool, after all, and, through his love for Griffith, of obtaining the mastery over him, which she had not dreamed of having to contend for. The entrance of Kool's man (the gentleman's gentleman had set up this bit of style in lovely compliance with her entreaties) to light the grand lusters which hung from each ceiling of the suite, aroused the bride. She looked at her watch; it was long past eight o'clock; seven was the usual dinner-hour, when she was wont to descend with her family to the dining-room. To-night they had gone without intruding upon the supposed preoccupation of their late master and her new lord; they did not guess that she was locked up in Theford's room, and that she was left between the old and the new, to starve and pine alone.

A bitter gust of raging pain and wrath swept over Crystal. She had never depended much on the loving esteem of her life companions for personal comfort, but now, when sorrow had come to her, and shame, and this terrible dread of the indefinable, she wondered to find herself reaching back to them with wistful yearning, and waiting in a shocked, heartwring way: "How little they care for me! and I so lonely!" and she almost broke her heart at the thought.

But her pain ended in making her savage. Pain does so to coarse-fibered natures; it requires a sterling quality of ore to come out of the furnace purified gold. Impelled by a stubborn, reckless desire to disoblige Kool in some way, she stepped out into the deserted hall, and looked away along the endless corridor toward that distant door on the same floor, which she had seen him enter to go to the baron.

As she looked at it, some ladies came out of the door next it, porters following with boxes, and the parlor boy bearing an armful of wraps. Some people were leaving for the night train, and that room was vacant! Crystal suddenly recollected the thinness of the partition between her own bath-room and Adalgisa's parlor, and the thought darted into her mind: "What if I might overhear what they are saying to each other, from that vacant room?"

To think this was to fly to prove it; she only turned back into her dressing-room to catch up an ample dark-hued India shawl, one of her wedding gifts, and muffling her head and shoulders in it, ran as fast as her small feet could carry her along the empty hall, darted into the vacant room, shutting the door after her, and looked about. The gas was turned low, and the room was in confusion; the bed crumpled and two closet doors wide open, exposing rows of empty pegs and yawning shelves. She knew that in a very few minutes the chambermaids would come to

"Good gracious! Haven't you been with her all the evening? Was she left all alone? Mercy!"

"Excuse me, madam the baroness; I am required in here." And Kool was actually leaving her in her feminine daisy at his unbridled, groom-like conduct, to the swelling indignation and despair of the neglected bride, when the voice of Gaylure arrested him.

"Where is your wife, sir?" he demanded, doggedly.

"We shall endeavor to discover," answered Kool, and quietly disappeared into Thetford's room, leaving father and daughter standing together on the mat outside the door.

"My girls have chosen strange men to bind their lives to," the half-fainting bride heard her father say to Adalgisa, in a changed, hoarse, strained sort of tone, as if the weight that had been oppressing him of late was getting too heavy now to be borne without crying out under it.

"My husband is well enough," Adalgisa answered sharply. "If he is a sick man, that's not his fault, I suppose. And he didn't leave me by myself the first day. Lord! Crys, had much better have resigned herself to be what she was cut out for, the ugliest old maid out of Mongolia."

Crystal's fears fled as her blood boiled under this insult, she knowing what she now knew about Adalgisa's husband, beside whom she shone as one of the cherubim, and in her excitement she pulled her door an inch or two ajar, and Adalgisa, turning quickly at the sound, caught the glitter of her eyes and the pallid gleam of her dead pale face. Crystal checked her exclamation by pulling the door an inch wider, and letting herself be recognized, to the unutterable astonishment of her stupid sister, who was as incapable of intrigue as she was of haranguing on Chinese labor. The sight of Crystal's shockingly white face and her finger placed menacingly on her lips, and then shaken menacingly, only suggested to Adalgisa's barren brain the idea that the youthful pair had had a quarrel, that Crystal was hiding from her husband in the pouts, and that she deserved a little rough handling now if she never got it before, in reward for all the bad turns she had done her, Adalgisa. Therefore, when Kool opened his door and joined the father and daughter, with an icy smile on his mouth at the melodramatic expedition he was bound on, what was Crystal's utter horror to hear Adalgisa say, innocently:

"Come out, Crys; I saw you. She's in there; she opened the door and looked at me."

For a moment everything turned to burning red before the eyes of the poor trembling creature shut up in the dark, then the old spirit of wicked pugnacity picked her off her knees where she had dropped, and sent her out quivering with fictitious courage, to crush her brutal sister under the stone which this touch of her finger had set a-rolling. As she came forward Kool turned and gazed in quick alarm, intensifying as he observed the fateful expression of her haggard features, into a sudden flashing burst of demon hate and vengeance. Then he went to her, and with a silent bow, offered her his arm. She shrunk back, trying to meet his calm eyes, and unable to bear them, then she took his arm, but with a shudder, and walked away with him, the others following in strange silence. The father had again caught upon the foreigner's countenance that singular look.

As for Adalgisa her thick hide saved her from too vivid a perception of the cool, placid, contemptuous, patient murder that lay in his silence, yet that very silence startled her, as leaving nothing to say.

At the door of the prince's apartments he turned with his bride, and with a punctiliously courteous bow, initiated passively by her, they passed in and the door was shut.

Gaylure drew a gasping sigh as he and his favorite child moved away.

"What in the world's the matter with you, and everybody?" snapped Adalgisa.

"Oh, Gisa! I scarcely expect ever to see your sister alive again," he sobbed, and left her like a man distracted.

To be continued—commenced in No. 355.

EVENING.

The sun is set, and up you western steep
We clouds sail low, now that the winds are
cooled,
Singing like scattered, scarcely-moving sheep
On heavenly upland: grazing undisturbed.
Now birds their vesper with rejoiced soul
Hymn forth to Nature's God; and Nature's God,
And from some far-off daisy a dreamy pool
Floats o'er the fields by home-bound laborers
trod.
Aunt the first faint shades of eve have birth,
And grow and grow till darkness everywhere
Assuets its sway supreme. The glooming air
Is emptied soon of sound; and heaven with earth,
Down Night's great dome, right from the zenith's
arc,
Seems holding mute communion in the dark.

The Blind Baroness.

A STORY OF THE RHINE.

BY T. C. HARRAUGH.

TOURISTS on the Rhine are regaled with many weird legends concerning the grim old castles that from lofty eminences frown upon the gently-gleaming banks. They seem to float through the very paradise of legendary lore; the very air seems burdened with traditions.

No traveler has drifted beneath the ancient walls of Castle Brackenfels without having been compelled to listen to the story of its blind baroness. She is not enveloped in the mists of tradition, for her descendants still inhabit the stately pile, and the record of her unfortunate marriage is still preserved with sacred care.

The old castle fell into her possession when she was a beautiful girl of seventeen, but blind. She had many suitors, for the baronial estate that lay above the legendary river was one of the richest in Germany, and at last she chose Carl Von Rhoom, a man whose sword had proved himself distinguished honors. She gave him her white hand because she really loved him. His voice was sweet and winning, but she could not see the steely eyes that made many distrust the landless baron. Lendless, I say, for the story goes that Von Rhoom had gambled away his inheritance.

The people shook their heads when Theres's choice was promulgated. They declared her too good for Von Rhoom, and hinted that he already loved a woman who was not blind.

But the marriage was consummated, and the retainers of Castle Brackenfels had a master.

The baron seemed proud of his beautiful bride; she sung for him like a happy bird, and the people were beginning to think that they had wrongly judged the man, when a dreadful event occurred.

It was one night that two persons were seated lovingly together on a rustic settee in the grove that stretched from the castle's court to

the precipitous cliffs that overlooked the river. A narrow path ran close to their position, and turned to the right within a few feet of the precipice.

"You have promised that I should be the Baroness Von Rhoom!" said a voice. "Have you forgotten?"

"No, Persis," was the reply, in a tone that proclaimed the speaker no other person than the baron himself. "We have been wedded but six months."

"And I have grown tired with waiting! I believe you love her," and the eyes of the beautiful German woman flashed.

The baron laughed sarcastically, and looked into his companion's face, which was flushed with anger and revenge.

"Love her?" and he laughed again. "What! Persis! Carl Von Rhoom love a blind girl, when the brightest eyes in Germany have beamed upon his passionate soul? Woman, you must be mad!"

"Then, prove that you do not love her!" cried the stately woman. "Give me proof that I am to be the Baroness o' Brackenfels."

"You shall have it soon."

"Soon! I have heard that word before. Give me the proof to-night."

"To-night?"

The baron started back.

"Yes—now."

He looked into the passionate, eager eyes that glittered like coals. Persis, the cunning German schemer, had never looked so beautiful before.

The silence that followed her last word, which was an imperative command, was broken by a voice far up the path, and seemingly in the court.

"Carl, my baron—Carl!"

Von Rhoom looked into his companion's face.

His wife was calling him.

A moment later she called again; she was coming down the path.

"Retreat a pace, Persis!" cried the false baron.

"Retreat!" echoed the beauty, with a cutting laugh. "Why, I thought your wife was blind, Carl!"

"So she is, but so sensitive," was the reply.

"She must not find her rival here."

The lady Persis looked up the path, and saw a ghost-like figure flit across a path of moonshine.

It was the blind baroness.

"Prove it now!" she whispered into the baron's ear. "Yonder is the cliff; below it flows the Rhine. She need not stop here."

Von Rhoom's face grew pale at the terrible suggestion, and he waved the schemer back, saying, hoarsely:

"Only go, Persis. You shall have the proof!"

She glided from the spot as Theres called the baron again, and crouching on the ground, watched the blind girl-wife gliding toward the cliff.

She saw Von Rhoom hasten to the very edge of the precipice, where he stooped in the dense shadow of a fir, and answer his wife.

"Here, darling. A few steps further on and you shall be in my arms."

"Yes, yes!" Theres cried with joy. "I have been hunting you, my truest, all over the castle!"

She neared the cliff, and Von Rhoom held his guilty breath.

Clad in spotless white, and with fragrant German flowers in her golden tresses, she looked angelic. Her hands were stretched forth as if to greet her husband, and she kept in the path.

Suddenly she left it, and stopped.

"I am leaving the path, Carl, my baron," she said, her sweet voice tinged with fear.

"It's a long way to the cliffs, Theres. I stand between you and the edge. On, on!"

Von Rhoom knew that the flashing eyes of Persis were fixed upon him from her covert.

His voice reassured the blind baroness, who, trusting in the falsest heart in German land, advanced again.

On, on, until her dainty slippers slipped over the precipice, and in the twinkling of an eye she disappeared from her husband's sight.

Persis, the schemer, sprung from her hiding-place, and rushed forward.

She met the ghastliest face that woman ever saw. It was stamped with guilt and whiteness by fear.

"You have kept your word!" she cried, triumphantly.

He did not answer her, but stood in the moonlight white and motionless as a statue.

"Come! come!" she cried, again grasping his arm. "Be a man! She was not the wife for you. Look! I have eyes, and she was blind."

Then he started.

"Yes; it was her fault. She knew that she had left the path. I didn't touch her. No man shall say that I slew the blind baroness."

He leaned over the precipice and saw the moonlight on water and trees far below him. But no fluttering garment caught his eye, and silence, instead of sound, came up from the depths. He could see no boats on the shimmering water, heard nothing save the beating of his own guilty heart.

For several days the servants were led to believe that the child-wife was sick in her private apartments, to which no person save the baron was admitted. He was playing his part well.

One morning he startled the castle by declaring that his wife, in a fit of mental derangement, had wandered forth on the preceding night, and was missing. The report caused the greatest consternation; it threw the entire country into uproar, and the German folk turned out in large numbers and hunted for the beautiful being they loved so dearly. With admirable dissimulation Von Rhoom pretended to prosecute the search which was at last given over. It had proved ineffectual. Theres was still missing, and some folks were shaking their heads and talking in whispers about the blind baroness.

The trees below the fatal spot had refused to give her up, and the beautiful river was as silent as the grave.

Time passed. It took Carl Von Rhoom wooing again; it found him at Lady Persis's side, and by and by it became known that the castle's second mistress would soon be installed.

There was snow on the cliffs above the Rhine, and the wind was howling like a demon in and out of the grim keeps and donjons of Castle Brackenfels. Not a star was seen; the night was the incarnation of blackness and storm. No boats danced on the storm-tossed surface of the water; and the great firs, bending beneath the ire of the wind, lashed the waves into greater fury.

Despite the storm the great festival hall of the mighty castle was filled with well-to-do guests. It was the baron's marriage night, and Persis,

his evil star, was arrayed like a stately German bride.

While the castle rung with revelry, a stalwart man who belonged to the poor burgher class of German people was picking his way painfully up a rugged path that led to the high lands from the river side. He did not care for snow and wind, for he clambered over the loose rocks which the latter had hurled into the path since the setting of the sun. He carried what appeared a human figure in his arms.

It was well muffled, but here and there a piece of white lace peeped out, as if to look at and brave the storm.

At last the laborer reached the cliffs above the river, and paused to recover exhausted strength.

"By God's blessing we're up, lady!" he said, to the burden in his arms. "This is the night, for the case is all light, and I hear them laughing as if in mockery at the storm."

"Then do not stop, Jansen!" replied a voice from beneath the burgher cloak. "Go on, for the love of blind Theres!"

The man started forward with renewed energy. He fairly ran toward the castle, frightening the guard under the arches, and at last deposited his burden at the threshold of the banquet hall.

Then the shawls and cloaks fell from the figure, and then the blind baroness in ruffled white stood erect.

"Stand here till I call," she said to the man, as she lifted the iron ring and caused the great door to swing back on its giant hinges.

The next moment a wild shriek filled the room, an hundred goblets dripped from ashens lips, and the wedding guests shrunk from the festal board. Guest of all stood Von Rhoom, and at his side, with not a vestige of color in her face, shivered the German schemer—the beautiful Persis.

Theres raised her hand, and, as if gifted with sight, the quivering finger pointed at the guilty pair.

"I am here, Carl, my baron!" she said. "The dead wanted me not. Jansen!"

"The sturdy river man stood beside her. 'Tell him all!'"

The man told the story of Theres's rescue. The trees below the cliffs had broken her fall, and she had dropped into the water beside his boat. Having long treasured up a hatred for Von Rhoom, he bore Theres to his humble home, where he watched over her and saw her recover from the injuries sustained in the fall.

Truth and honesty were written on Jansen's face, and blind Theres was a living confirmation of his testimony.

All at once the baron tore himself from Persis, and dashed from the room. Down the broad steps and out into the raging storm he ran. He saddled his best steed, that snorted with very terror at the elements, and rode off as if a legion of Hartz demons were seeking him.

A year later a man gave up his life before an Austrian battery, and just over his heart they found a locket that contained the portrait of blind Theres.

Theres Von Rhoom had rashly died.

The German story does not tell what became of Persis; but says that Jansen was pensioned and that the blind baroness wedded a man who loved her, and lived happily till death.

The story possesses abundant proofs of authenticity.

Base-Ball.

BY HENRY CHADWICK.

THE LEAGUE NINES OF 1877.

THROUGH the nines of the six League clubs have not yet been "placed" by their respective managers, the teams have all been engaged, and it is not too early to take a glance at their make-up with a view of guessing at the chance of each nine to win the pennant of 1877 in the coming campaign. One thing is noticeable in the selection of the players for the majority of the League clubs, and that is, that but one club has made its choice on the basis of the Boston plan of operations, and that one is the Chicago club, not a man of whom has ever been on the suspected list. With the Boston club integrity of character has ever been the *quid pro quo* in the selection of its representatives, and the result has been that that club's teams since its organization have been beyond even a suspicion of anything but thoroughly honest work. It is a little singular that while the majority of the clubs belonging to an organization, which has made such load procreations of its desire to sustain integrity of play in the professional arena, have engaged players whose antecedents do not accord with that reputation for integrity of character, so prominently insisted upon as an essential requisite.

In other words, four of the six clubs of the League arena of 1877 have in their nines players who do not possess what the Boston club regards as essential for a player entering the nines of that organization. Without further reference to the subject, however, we proceed to give the nines of each of the League clubs as "stated" up to the opening of the season.

THE CHICAGO CLUB.

The team of this club for 1877 is fully as strong, to say the least, as that which won the championship of 1876. By taking in Bradley they have at least deprived their strong Western rivals of St. Louis of one of the most effective of pitchers, if they have not as materially strengthened themselves in that respect.

The loss of White was a weakening of their team behind the bat, which the accession of Bradley's batting will not fully compensate for. What their new man's ability is—Smith, the change catcher—we know not; but McVey will do good service in the position without doubt. Bradley will not, however, find him as good in support as Clapp was, at least not until the latter part of the season, for it takes months of play to get a pitcher and catcher, new to each other, to work together with the best effect. The field support will be of the best whether Bradley or Spalding pitches. But there is an element, not taken into proper consideration, which is attached to this policy of having two regular and rival pitchers in a team. The experience of the Hartford club with Bond and Cummings may not be followed with similar results in the case of Bradley and Spalding, as the latter are more experienced men. But there may be a touch of it, and if there is a weak spot would be developed. A regular pitcher and a first-class change pitcher with their respective catchers, are essentials of a regular and effective team; but it is questionable if the policy of having two regular pitchers is not one which works against the playing interest of the team. The Chicago nine for 1877 will probably be as follows:

Catchers, McVey and Smith.

Pitchers, Spalding and Bradley.

Basemen, Bond, Barnes and Anson.

Short stop, Peters.

Outfielders, Glenn, Hines, and Worth.

This is unquestionably a strong and reliable ten, and if they play together as well as the Chicago nine of 1876 did, the championship will not leave Chicago.

THE ST. LOUIS CLUB.

The new team of this club for 1877 will be an experimental one, and not a corps of players calculated to work together with that earnestness of effort so necessary for such a rival organization of the West as the St. Louis Club is. They have wisely retained their fine catcher and earnest player, Clapp, and have secured the services of a pitcher in Nichols who, in his continuous good humor on the field, will at least present a striking contrast to the irascible Bradley. That Nichols will surprise the West with his pitching we have no doubt. With such support as the majority of the team will give him, and what all can do if they like, results will be shown which will place Nichols in the front rank of efficient pitchers. Will he have the full support that can be given him is the question? The St. Louis nine will be as follows:

Catchers, Clapp and Dougan.

Pitchers, Nichols and Blong.

Basemen, Dehman, McGeary and Battin.

Short stop, Force.

Outfielders, Eggen, Ramsen and Blong.

THE LOUISVILLE CLUB.

The Louisville team for 1877 is another experimental nine, and a team which cannot be said to have been chosen with that view to the essential of harmonious working together which the experience of 1876 should have pointed as necessary. It will have two rival pitchers in Devin and Lafferty, the former re-entering the field under circumstances not calculated to inspire confidence in the harmony of the nine. Still things may turn out more favorable than anticipated. They will have two catchers and two pitchers and a strong field support as will be seen by the appended list of players:

Catchers, Snyder and Crawley.

Pitchers, Devin and Lafferty.

Basemen, Latham, Gerhardt and Hague.

Short stop, (and Captain), Craver.

Outfielders, Hall, Ryan and Lafferty.

THE CINCINNATI CLUB.

This club's team is the weakest of the four Western nines, and that simply from its utter want of harmonious elements, and not from its lack of playing strength. If Mr. Kede could work the corps of players he has chosen into a well-trained, disciplined and harmonious nine he would outdo the managerial achievements of Harry Wright. The team as stated will be as follows:

Catchers, Hicks and Higham.

Pitcher, Mathews.

Basemen, Jones, Hallinan and Foley.

Short stop, Booth.

Outfielders, Higham, Pike and Addy.

The above is unquestionably an experimental team, and one that will require a whole season's training to amalgamate into a regular working nine.

THE BOSTON CLUB.

Harry Wright will open 1877 with another experimental nine, and the prospect of getting together such a team as he had in 1875 is not as bright as he would wish it, albeit more promising than in 1876. This year he will have three pitchers and three catchers, and it remains to be seen which will become the regular men for the positions. Brown and Bond no doubt will open the ball, and White and his brother will be tried; while Morrill and Manning will form a reserve corps. For support they will have good men and true in a majority of the positions; but the nine will not be a home-position team. In fact Harry has a heap of work to do to get his new nine into effective working order. The loss of that valuable prestige the club had from 1872 to 1875, inclusive, is severely felt, and it will be for some years yet.

The new nine is not going to win that pennant this year, though they will come nearer to it than they did last season. There is one thing about the nine, and that is that there is not a single suspected man in it. The team is as follows:

Catchers, White, Brown and Morrill.

Pitchers, Bond, White and Manning.

Basemen, Murnan, Leonard, Sutton.

Short stop, George Wright.

Outfielders, Shaffer, O'Rourke, Brown.

THE HARTFORD.

The last, but far from least, of the League teams is the Hartford, and of this team we have simply to say that it includes Allison, Larkin, Start, Burdock, Ferguson, Carey, York, Holdsworth and Cassidy.

The Hartford, since their organization, have been run under auspices which has made honesty of play its greatest desideratum. The majority of the nine are men who are fully reliable, and but one remains to be tested and that is the new pitcher, whose record has a blot on it which it is to be hoped his conduct in the League arena this season will wipe out. There is one fact consoling to the Hartford in their selection of this one player, and that is that but two of the six clubs can afford to throw stones, owing to their residence in glass houses, and not "blue glass" either.

The Mussulman and the Hindoo.—A Mussulman, when on a journey, was joined by a Hindoo, and the two marched on together until darkness overtook them. Passing the night at some halting place, they resumed their journey on the morrow, traveled in company till the day wore away, and again halted for the night. The Hindoo, as was his custom, said his prayers, then took his morning meal, and lay down to rest. In the early evening he arose, washed his hands and face, performed his devotion, and was ready to start. But he had not seen his companion engaged in any act of devotion for the two days they had been together, and at this he wondered greatly.

At length, addressing his fellow traveler, he said:

"Oh, Mussulman, what kind of conduct is this of yours; do you not worship God day or night?"

The Moor answered:

"Yes, 'tis binding on Mussulmen to worship God five times a day."

"Then," said the Hindoo, "what sort of a Mussulman are you? For three days I have not seen you say your prayers."

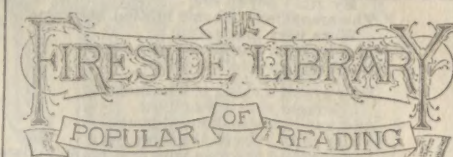
"What can I do?" answered the Moor. "I am marching all day, and am so tired I cannot pray."

"But," asked the Hindoo, "are you too tired to eat twice a day? If you are too weary to serve God, your maker and provider, I am afraid to journey in your company. For whoever is too listless to serve God, will sooner or later be visited by some misfortune."

An exchange solemnly asks: "What is the danger of the hour?" We know. Danger of standing on your head in an unexpected place, and dropping your Arctic overshoes off in your eyes. Ask us a hard one.

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BANGS' TELEPHONE.

BY JOE JOE, JR.

Since it was only every night
My girl I got to see,
The man when I missed her voice
Wore very long to me,
And so from her house to my own
I had put up a telephone.

How grand a thing it was indeed!
I thought that I was blest,
And any moment I could hear
The voice I loved the best;
And thanked the man who first made known
The beauties of the telephone.

When morning's light broke o'er the earth,
And woke with its first beams
(Which through her eastern window fell)
The maiden from her dreams,
A sweet "good-morning to my own"
I sent upon the telephone.

And if she chanced to be awake,
She'd make my heart rejoice
By salutation, sweet and dear,
With her own darling voice,
And clearly did I love the tone
That came upon the telephone.

What tender passages of love
Went back and forth each day!
What compliments and loving words
And tender laughter gay!
Blest as a king upon his throne
I was with that dear telephone.

She'd sit at her piano and
Would play and sweetly sing,
While I'd transmit adoring sighs
Unto the darling thing,
And many a vocal kiss was thrown
To her upon that telephone.

The wire trembled all the while
With sweet affection's flow,
Until the longed-for evening came,
And I to her would go;
After the long, long day had flown
In talking on the telephone.

But one day to the instrument
I chanced to put my ear;
Bad luck unto my dearest hopes!
No voice came from the wire,
Which made my heart turn into stone—
Alas, alas, that telephone!

The extra voice I heard was Jinks';
I heard him breathe his love;
She said she did not care for Bangs,
And longed her hate to prove,
And whispered, "I am all mine own";
I heard it on the telephone.

Merciful heavens! I heard him kiss
My darling on the telephone;
And straight into that fatal room
I sent a horrid shriek,
And also a despairing groan
Upon that wretched telephone.

She had forgot that I could hear
What things would there transpire—
A startled shriek was all I heard,
For then she cut the wire!
And that's the last that I have known
Of her, or of the telephone.

Cavalry Custer,

From West Point to the Big Horn;

OR,

THE LIFE OF A DASHING DRAGON.

BY LAUNCE POYNTEZ

AUTHOR OF "LANCE AND LASSO," "THE SWORD-HUNTERS," ETC.

XII.

It was some time before Custer considered himself quite ready for the Indians. He found his regiment full of green recruits, fresh from the towns of the East, men who hardly knew how to ride a horse to water, leave alone fight on him. They were miserable shots, and could, some of them, scarcely hit a barn door from the barn-yard fence. He found them encamped among the Indians, and so scared that they hardly dared leave camp. He very soon changed that, however, by sending out large scouting parties at night, to frighten the Indians. Finally, he left the camp where he found the regiment, moved in, close to Fort Dodge, on the Arkansas River, out of reach of Indian annoyances, and set to work to drill his men in earnest, to become good riders and good shots. Every day he had target practice, and out of all the companies he selected the very best shots, which he organized into a separate troop, called the "Sharpshooters." To these he promised to give certain special privileges, such as exemption from picket duty, and the privilege of always being at the head of the column. The consequence of this promise was, that all the soldiers were eager to be sharpshooters, and shot their very best, the whole regiment improving daily.

While he was drilling, of course the Indians were doing what they pleased all over the country, but Custer did not mind that. It was just as well they should imagine themselves secure. He could not catch them till the snow was on the ground, and the less suspicion they had of a winter campaign, the more likely he was to find them. At last, after a long march, with a strong column, through the Indian Territory, down to the borders of Texas, at the place where Camp Supply now stands, the first snow came, in a tremendous blinding storm, and the Seventh Cavalry, with a numerous wagon train, started on its journey to find the Indians, November 23d, 1885.

The winter had set in with a vengeance, for the storm lasted the whole of the first day and all night; and when it cleared up at last, there were eighteen inches of snow on the ground, with the thermometer down about zero. This was a real winter campaign and no mistake. Many men would have halted for the storm, for even the Indian guides lost their way and could not tell where Wolf Creek was the place where the regiment was to encamp the first night.

Custer would not be beaten, however. He had a map, he knew the direction of Wolf Creek, so he took his course by compass, and pushed on, reaching the creek safely, and excellent guides. Of these guides he had plenty on this expedition. First, there were twenty Osages, friendly Indians, from a small tribe on a reservation in Indian Territory. Their chiefs were Little Beaver and Hard Rope. Then he had several white and half-breed scouts, about some of whom novels have been written. Especially there was California Joe, who was afterward one of the most useful scouts Custer ever had.

California Joe was a tall, broad-shouldered fellow, with a tremendous brown beard, and a shock of curls that looked as if they had never seen a comb for years. His great peculiarity was a short briarwood pipe, which he never stopped smoking, day or night, except when asleep, eating, or on an Indian trail. He would talk you blind for hours, and had the quaintest expressions in his speech you ever heard. He had great contempt for the powers of a regular officer to fight or catch Indians, but he soon conceived a great liking for Custer, finding him so different from the rest, and they worked together harmoniously all the time they were comrades together.

Then there was Romeo, a half-breed Indian, who acted as interpreter, a short, squat, jolly little fellow, who looked as if he thought of nothing but eating, but who could "lift a trail" better than most men. There were sev-

eral others not so well known, but California Joe and Romeo were always Custer's favorites.

The column proceeded south in the direction of Texas, bearing west toward the headwaters of the Washita River, in which country the Indians were expected to be found wintering, anywhere within a hundred miles. The soldiers had not traveled three days, before they found how wise Custer had been to wait for the snow. By the banks of the Canadian River, they found a broad fresh trail, evidently that of the last war-party of the season, going home, and the greenest recruit could have followed it in such a snow.

Their troubles were over, as far as finding the Indians was concerned, for it was clear that the trail was made by men quite unsuspecting that they would be followed, and therefore careless of their marks. It was found, quite by surprise, while Custer was crossing his wagon train over the River Canadian, an operation which took several hours, and during which of course the regiment could not move. To utilize the time, Custer sent out two squadrons under Major Elliott, to scout down the river and see what they could see. This detachment found the Indian trail, about ten miles below Custer's ford, leading off to the southwest. Major Elliott was a very brave and sagacious officer, and he realized that there was no time to be lost, so he set off on the trail at once, sending back a scout named Jack Corbett, to tell Custer of his discovery.

Corbett found Custer at the crossing, arriving just as the last wagon was drawn slowly up the steep bank, with three teams in front of it. The mode of following the Indians was now very soon settled. The Seventh Cavalry had twelve companies in all, divided into six "squadrons." Major Elliott had two squadrons; Custer left one as a guard for the wagons, and with the other three squadrons, six companies, determined to strike off to the southeast in the direction in which Corbett pronounced the trail to be leading. The wagons were to follow his trail as fast as they could come with the guard. Of course there was a danger that Indians might pounce on them, but Custer decided to risk that. He was satisfied, from the snow, and from the total absence of tracks outside of the war-trail, that the Indians were hugging their lodges. When he and Elliott united they would have ten companies, or about seven hundred men, and he judged it best to move quickly.

In ten minutes from Corbett's arrival, therefore, away went the column, at a fast walk, over the frozen snow, to catch the Indians. The snow was not near so deep as it was further north, where they had come from, and it had thawed and frozen into a hard crust, so that progress was easy.

They took up their march about noon, and just as the sun set they came on Elliott's trail, where he was following the Indians. Now the scent was growing hot. That night was full moon, and the trail was so broad and heavy that they could follow it after sunset. Of course they did so with prodigious speed. All talking was stopped in the camp, which swept on in a long, slashing walk, such as cavalry horses soon acquire, and which is always most rapid at night, when the animals think they are nearing camp.

At nine o'clock they came up to Major Elliott's party, which had halted, and the whole regiment was dismounted.

The men and horses were all pretty well tired, and needed food, but the question was how to cook coffee. The trail had led them down into the valley of a stream, which they afterward found to be the Washita, where there were high banks and heavy timber, so it was decided to risk making small fires, low down in the hollow, trusting to the cold weather to keep prowling Indians at home.

If not seen, it was well worth the risk to give the men the refreshment of hot coffee, which no one appreciates so much as a shivering soldier, after a long march.

Supper was cooked, the horses received a double share of oats, and after an hour's halt the pursuit was resumed. Now, however, it was necessary to take extra precautions. Little Beaver and Hard Rope pronounced the trail to have been made that very day, and that the Indians had probably passed just before sunset.

It was almost certain that the camp would be found in the valley of the same river which they had just reached, and probably not very far off. It was therefore necessary not to alarm the Indians till the regiment was prepared to dash on them, and the noise of the frozen snow under the horses' feet could be heard a quarter of a mile off.

The way the new march was arranged was this: in front of all went Little Beaver and Hard Rope, on foot, gliding over the snowcrust in their soft moccasins like silent spirits, Custer riding a little behind them, at a slow pace. The other Indian scouts were thrown out in all directions, also on foot, to watch for lurking foes, while the white scouts rode in a little body, three or four hundred yards back. The regiment, in column of fours, was at least half a mile behind, only just in sight.

On went the column on its new march, for about an hour more, when Hard Rope stopped progress. He smelt fire, he said. A little further, after a cautious advance, and they discovered the dim embers of a deserted fire. The Indian scouts crept up to it, and found no one alive, but plenty of pony tracks. It was pronounced to be a fire made by some Indian boys, in charge of the pony herd belonging to the village. The herd had gone, but could not be far off—the village must be very near. You may fancy how cautiously the scouts stole on now, the regiment halting some way off. At the very next hill, Hard Rope waved back Custer, stole up to the top, peeped over, and instantly fell flat on his face, then crept slowly back to Custer, laid his hand on the general's bridle and whispered:

"Big heap Injun down there."

"How do you know?" whispered back Custer.

"He heard dog bark," said Hard Rope, quietly.

Custer dismounted, crept to the crest of the hill, peeped over, and there, in the midst of the timber, were the white lodges of an Indian village, sleeping in the moonshine. There was no mistake.

He went back to his horse, and sent a scout to call up the officers of the Seventh, telling them to come quietly, leaving their sabers behind. He led them to the top of the hill, showing them, for the first time in their lives, an Indian village full of enemies, which the white man had caught at last. There was no question as to the catching—the only one was, would the Indians stay caught! Against their escape Custer soon provided.

Dividing his regiment into four divisions, he ordered three of these to make circuits, about a mile from the camp, so as to come in on all sides just about daylight.

One detachment, commanded by himself, with the sharpshooters and the band, remained where they were, while the others started;

and the rest of that cold moonlight night was passed in dead silence, waiting till the preparations were complete. It was a long, weary wait, but the success at last attained paid for all. The Indians were sound asleep, and suspected nothing till daylight, when all the detachments simultaneously burst on them, the band playing "Garryowen," the men cheering, carbines and pistols cracking, galloping horses tearing through the camp. The result was a complete and overwhelming defeat for the whole band, which proved to be the village of Black Kettle, a Cheyenne chief. Over a hundred warriors were killed, and some seventy women and children were taken prisoners, while nine hundred ponies and all the stuff of the village was captured. About fifty warriors got away by a bold dash in the first confusion, but the rest were completely defeated.

No sooner was the battle over than fresh troubles began.

It turned out that there were four other bands, encamped within a few miles of Black Kettle's village, and the warriors from these made a fierce attack on Custer, to rescue the herd of ponies. Custer soon found that he had nearly two thousand fresh Indians to fight. Many men in such a strait would have lost their heads and retreated; not so Custer. He was bound to give these fellows a lesson, to make them fear the white man for some time to come.

He strung out most of his men in a skirmish line, to keep off the Indians awhile, then detailed a firing-party to destroy the village and shoot the ponies, only keeping enough of these to mount his prisoners. The Indians, maddened at the sight, attacked the cavalry fiercely, but without success. They were so cowed by Black Kettle's fate that they fought feebly. No sooner was the village in ashes than Custer called in his men, mounted, formed line, and marched right at the next Indian village, as if he meant to repeat the operation.

That settled the business. The Indians waited no longer. They had found their match at last in the "Yellow Devil-Chief," as they called Custer after that time. No sooner was the Seventh fairly on its march, than the whole Indian force scattered. There were Kiowas and Comanches, Arapahoes in plenty, and another small band of Cheyennes, but they all fled in haste, though twice as numerous as the soldiers.

It was about five miles to the nearest camp, but before the column arrived there not an Indian could be seen, while the lodges were standing, full of stuff, and all deserted. Not even a lodge-pole had been taken.

By the time Custer reached the camp it was dark, and the moon had not yet risen. He halted awhile, sent out scouts who found no Indians, then turned and marched off straight across country to his wagons, which he found safe in camp. Not an Indian had been near for one trip, so he dispatched California Joe and Jack Corbett across country to carry the news to General Sheridan, and followed them, the next day, himself.

Camp Supply was reached in safety, and General Sheridan reviewed the regiment, complimenting it highly on its successful expedition. From that day forth there was no more trouble with the Indians of the South-west. Custer had cowed them completely. Satanta and the Kiowas came in that winter, after some trouble, and ceased hostilities. Before March, 1886, the Arapahoes had followed their example, as early in the spring Custer had completed his triumph by chasing down the last band of the Cheyennes under Medicine-Arrow, who surrendered without a fight.

Such was the first and grandest of all the Indian campaigns of General Custer, the greatest Indian-fighter of the American army.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 363.)

Violets and Roses.

BY LUCILLE HOLLS.

SUCH a strange little bit of heart history it is. Now that two of the actors are dead, and one is in a distant land, where this will scarcely have time to meet his eyes, I will give it to the world. Not for cold critics to analyze a woman's soul, and speak in scientific terms of her power of passion, and power of pride, but in memory of one who, with all her faults, rules yet, by the depth of her love, one heart.

A handsome street in the fashionable quarter of one of America's wealthiest cities. A row of palatial residences, the numbers of which a boy upon the sidewalk scans curiously. The desired house is reached; the lad runs up the steps, pulls at the bell, and the door is thrown open to him by an obsequious waiter.

Mrs. Ethan Truxley says the boy, interrogatively, as he reads from a card attached to a daintily-wrapped package he carries.

The waiter nods, takes the package, and the door closes on the messenger.

"What is it, Joseph?" cries a clear young voice, from the head of the sumptuous stairway.

"Flowers, I think, madam."

"Open them!" commands the lady, descending to the hall, and trailing a cascade of shimmering white silk after her.

The thin wrappings are torn aside, disclosing a miniature rustic temple, overgrown with smilax and choicest rosebuds, and crowded with a lavish mass of fragrant, deep-hued violets.

"Oh, how charming! What exquisite taste! No card attached? Ethan sent them, of course. Really, a man seldom displays such artistic conception; though, no doubt, this was a trick of the perfumery, and the pretty, girlish creature, a perfect marvel of blonde beauty, robed in her snowy silk, and leaving behind her the flash of jewels as she moves, passes into the magnificent parlors to see that all within is faultless; for this is a reception-day, and Madam Ethan Truxley is bride."

It is several hours later. The parlors are flooded with light, and elegant visitors come and go. The blonde bride sparkles, and smiles, and is wittingly agreeable to the fair sex and the strong; while she secretly meditates how many of her lady acquaintances are envying her the wealth, the establishment, the name, and the man she has married.

This man stands at her side, dark, magnificently handsome, and some years his wife's senior. His manners are the perfection of grave courtesy, but they chill rather than attract people; and there is a contemptuous weariness about him quite the opposite of his wife's evident enjoyment of society and circumstance. But suddenly a name is announced:

"Mrs. Gen. Ives."

A dusky flush swarms for an instant the bridegroom's face, and his eyes grow strangely passionate. But when the new-comer stands before him he is triumphantly cold and grave again.

Mrs. Ives advances with exquisitely-gloved hand extended and fathomless, bronze-warm

eyes uplifted, and the usual congratulations are gone through with in an elegantly graceful courteous manner that quite ends any charitable little hopes the attentive guests may have entertained of a scene. For not a few of them know of the infatuation which Ethan Truxley possessed for Alice Marville, before she became Mrs. Ives. And Mrs. Ives' history—her sudden marriage to the old General, who had not been one whit wealthier than the handsome and younger man whose heart had been at her feet, her short widowhood and sudden widowhood, her gracious renewal of friendship with the man who had first loved her, and, lastly, this marriage of that man to a fairer and younger bride—had been a matter of gossip among all these fashionable people, who now, seeing her receive, with such matchless calm and charm, the blow Ethan Truxley had dealt her, pronounce one universal verdict of "perfectly heartless."

Not that women of to-day are given to wearing their hearts upon their sleeves; but Alice Ives exceeded, in her faultlessly acted indifference, any of her sisterhood. Yet all the time that she is conscious of the critical regard she is undergoing, and the disappointment she is dealing her charitable, fashionable friends, she is conscious, likewise, that the man she had come to congratulate is at heart as much her lover as though he were not Ethan Truxley's bridegroom. She feels no foolish, girlish jealousy of Ethan's wife; she is only conscious of a passionate desire to show him his own heart, and then to leave him to suffer as he had made her suffer. And so she thanks Fate when this opportunity seems offered her. Turning from conversing with a group of acquaintances, she finds herself face to face with Ethan Truxley. Scarcely a hand's breadth apart are they, with a slender table, upholding a floral treasure of violets and roses, between them. What he is about to say, what she might have said, is interrupted by the young wife.

"Ethan, do me the favor to look where you are placing your hand. You will spoil my flowers. Then, coldly, to the guest, "It is an exquisite flower-piece, is it not? And we do not even know to what kind of friend we are indebted for so much beauty."

"Ah! no!" says Mrs. Ives, carelessly directing her glance toward Ethan.

"My dear," that gentleman replies, looking slightly annoyed, but determined that Alice Ives shall not suspect him of weakness, "you must return thanks to Mrs. Ives for this floral treasure."

"Ah!" says Edith, still more coldly, and, girlishly, betraying some of her dislike to her husband's former friend, "you did not tell me how easily you could discern familiar characteristics, even in wordless messages. Or," sheeringly, "perhaps Mrs. Ives has been acquainted with her good deeds."

"Edith," says her husband, sternly, "as Mrs. Truxley, let me implore you to cultivate more ladylike manners. I should be most happy if my friend would be so much your friend as to overlook your remark."

"Can you doubt that?" Mrs. Ives laughs, in her peculiarly fascinating way. "You forget, Ethan, because you are so much older than your bride, that she is not quite a child, to be reproved before company. Only, my dear," turning nonchalantly to her young hostess, whose eyes and cheeks were aflame with anger, "let me warn you, from my knowledge of your husband's character, that you will find him a man so devoted to his friends that his honor will resent any injustice done them."

"Alice," says Mr. Truxley, softly, as his bride sweeps angrily away, "you are as fiendishly sarcastic as ever."

"Oh! pardon me, I am as innocent of sarcasm as these flowers. How could I be otherwise? One does not usually waste arrows upon the air. But, to change the subject, how very awkward it was of that florist not to attach the card I left for this basket. It was quite marvelous that you should have recognized the sender without it."

"Violets and roses! Your flowers! My memory is better than you think!"

"Yes, my flowers," she says, dreamily. "In how many scenes of my life they have formed a part, until they have become so dear to me that they were the costliest offering I could make upon the shrine of your new-found bliss."

"Alice!" he cries, intensely, betrayed, as she meant he should be, into forgetfulness of the vows that ought to keep him silent, "I know now that you must be, have always been, utterly heartless, or you could not have mocked me with this gift, that—coming at the time it did, to remind me of when these flowers were once mine as well as yours, a symbol to me of the love I was fool enough to believe you bore me—was bitter as a curse!"

"It is hardly necessary for you to play a farce with me!" Alice flashed back at him, her gaze meeting his unflinchingly. "Besides, you are forgetting your position of loving husband, when, at such a time as this, you can seek to deceive me, who learned your facility in that art so long ago!"

"You, Alice Marville, talk to me of deception!" he breathes back at her, as they stand at bay over the lovely incensing flowers. "No, I do not forget my position, but, once for all, know that I am attempting no farce with you. I would not stoop to such revenge," he goes on, not noticing that she winces slightly at this reproach. "I am not ashamed to own to all the world, what the world very well guessed, that I once loved you, madly, and that I have married now, simply that you may not make me a second time your dupe; for, weak as the admission may seem, even yet, I love the memory of Alice as I once thought her, before the day I learned the depths of her treachery."

"Really, this is getting interesting! My treachery! Since when do gentlemen excuse their own perfidy in *affaires du cœur* by accusing a woman of a part that was wholly their own? You will please to remember that you sought a release from our engagement. Is a woman treacherous because she sees but one answer, and that a favorable one, to such a request?"

"Alice," he retorts, sternly, "why did I make such a request?"

"You will be pleased to remember that I did not question," she says, with haughty indifference.

"Quite true," he answers her, bitterly; "there was little need! But perhaps you would like to be assured that I was with Stanley Duryea, that morning, when your *gaze d'amour*, of roses and violets, identical with the token I had received from you two hours previous, came to him, and that I learned from his own lips that his lady-love was in the habit of favoring him, almost daily, in a like pretty manner!"

A revelation that, made a few years before, would have changed the course of these two lives is coming to Alice Ives, but she is too proud a woman, too finished an actress, to let this man, whose jealousy caused him to cast away her love like a worn-out toy, see that she loved him then, has loved him always.

"Stop, sir," she says, with quiet imperiousness. "Already you owe me an apology for your words. I was never more than slightly acquainted with Stanley Duryea. Was I likely to send him flowers?"

"But they were your flowers and mine! Violets and roses! And arranged in the same design that you were in the habit of sending me."

"Ethan Truxley," she answers, coldly, "have you lost so much of manly honor as to doubt a woman's assertion? Must I assure you, in so many words, that I never sent a flower to Stanley Duryea in my life? Has it never occurred to so penetrating a mind as yours that it was the easiest of matters for the florist who executed my orders to execute them in detail for some other customer?"

She moved away. He followed her.

"And you, Alice—"

She understands the question in his voice, and meets his eyes again with her cold, unfathomable glance, and laughs as she interrupts him:

"If I was very happy to be able to do you such a favor. I assure you I have never regretted it."

But this time he is not deceived; for the first time in five years each knows the other's heart, and the sweet incense of violets and roses that fills the saloon is a death-monument between them.

A year later they meet again. Alice knows that Ethan will come; that once more that love which alone can make her life worth the living will be offered; and two deadly passions war in her soul and leave their impress upon her white cold face. Now, at last, here is the power to avenge the suffering and insults that Ethan Truxley's jealous passion has forced upon her; for his bride is dead and he is about to sue for her hand. Pride gains the victory and Alice tells herself that revenge can satisfy as well as love. And, once more, Ethan Truxley believes that Alice Ives is wholly heartless, that Alice Marville never loved him. There is naught in life worth living for, he tells himself, and wanders to other lands.

Two years go by and then a letter from Alice Ives summons him to join her in a little sunny, southern, French village. He almost swears he will not go, then curses himself for his weakness, and sets out upon the journey. 'Tis a warm, moonlighted, June evening when he asks and follows the way to the American lady's villa. The room to which he is immediately led is so dimly lighted he scarcely sees the graceful figure upon the couch by the open window; but Alice's voice, faint and musical, and full of some repressed pain, guides him to her side.

"You were long coming, Ethan; you are almost too late."

"Too late for what?" he cries, in sudden terror, as he sees how changed and white she has grown.

"Too late to forgive me; kneel down by my side, dear love, and hear how I have always loved you, but how wickedly loving and wickedly proud I have been."

In the pale moonlight, with her head pillowed on his breast and the damp fragrance of violet banks and passionate southern roses all about them, the two proud, erring, loving hearts are united through one brief summer night.

And, ever since, the French villagers have wondered what was the history of the grave American gentleman who lives so sadly in their midst, and of the woman whose grave he covers through every summer season with such wealth of violets and roses.

Ripples.

The beef eating Englishmen, when discussing the Eastern question, now say, "The Bosphorus is the Bos Americanus."

A Paterson boy was riding on his father's back, when the latter suggested that it was rather an elevated railroad. "Yes, pa," said the youngster, "I'm riding on a dummy."

An Illinois minister announced on his Sunday night bulletin: "The funeral of Judas Iscariot." To which an obliging fellow added: "The friends of the deceased are cordially invited to attend."

An imaginative Irishman has improved upon Ossian. "I returned," says he, "to the halls of my fathers by night and I found them in ruins. I cried aloud, 'My fathers, where are they?' And echo responded, 'Is that you, Patrick McClathery?'"

If any one thing perplexes an honest, upright man more than another, it is to receive a gift of a thousand dollars or so by mail, and the donor forgets to give his name, thereby making it impossible for you to follow your inclinations and promptly return the money.

"So you want Government employment, do you?" said a member of Congress to a constituent, who was asking for his "influence." "Government employment!" sneered the constituent. "Not if I know myself. I want a nice berth with no employment attached to it."

"Do you really believe, Mr. Podkins, that anybody could make a head from butter?" asked the landlady. "Well, yes, ma'am, I should think they might," said Podkins, as he pushed back his individual butter-plate; "somebody has got as far as the hair with this."

Owner (coming into the stable and addressing hostler)—"I say, Jim." "Yes, sir." "Take Romeo's harness off and put it on Ophelia." "Yes, sir." "Give General Grant some oats." "Yes, sir." "Take General Sherman out to water." "Yes, sir." "And rub down the Grand Duchess." "Ay, ay, sir."

It is noticeable that the young American people who lose all knowledge of the English language, and gain no knowledge of any other, by a residence of eighteen months in Europe, never spoke good enough English to pass a grammar school examination before they left home. It is not difficult to forget what one never knew.

Don't go asleep during the first part of your minister's sermon. At least pay him the compliment of supposing that he will be both entertaining and instructive. If, however, after fifteen minutes, you feel drowsy, you can go to sleep with a quiet conscience, because you have given him a fair chance to keep you awake and he couldn't do it.

The following is attributed to Beecher: "Men and women before marriage are as figures and ciphers. The woman is the cipher and counts for nothing till she gets the figure of a husband beside her, when she becomes of importance herself and adds tenfold to the sum of his. But this, it must be observed, occurs only when she gets and remains on the right side of him, for when she shifts from this position he returns to his lesser state and she to her original insignificance."